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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXV. }

No. 2328.—February 9, 1889.

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Vol. CLXXX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

OUR CHILDREN.

I LOOKED at the happy children
 Who gathered around the hearth;
 So blithe they were, no children
 Could happier be on earth;
 With their merry plays, and their winsome
 ways,
 And the sound of their silvery mirth!

Then I thought of those other children,
 So wizened, and hard, and bold,
 Who huddle in slum and cellar,
 And shiver with want and cold:
 Not fresh as the dew, or the morning's hue,
 But haggard, and lean, and old.

But yet may they still, those children,
 Be taught to forget their pain;
 And gathered in arms that love them,
 Their laughter may come again;
 And the stare of woe and the craft may go.
 And the spirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book-learning
 Those children's hearts to move;
 And the stony eye of the serpent
 Is death to the stricken dove;
 'Tis an angel alone can touch them,
 And that angel's name is Love.

For whatever the world may fancy,
 And whatever the wise men say
 Of our nineteenth-century progress,
 Of a new and a better way:
 Still it takes a soul to make a soul
 Now, as in the olden day.
 Spectator. A. G. B.

A GREY DAY AT NAPLES, 1888.

THE lazy waters of the tideless sea,
 That murmur homage to Parthenope,
 Enveloped in November's cloak of brown,
 Hide their bright azure, as the motley town
 Imports from northern climes the low-toned
 dress
 Which masks awhile her laughing loveliness.
 Southward the eye to-day can scarce divine
 The clear-cut range of Capri's mountain line,
 Dreaming that Autumn's spirit even thus
 Fell on the dark soul of Tiberius,
 And mourned with him the lights that disap-
 pear
 Out of the records of the dying year.

Yet still, when color fails, the grace of form
 Clasps the fair coast in her embraces warm,
 Even as to classic shapes inspired of Death
 The sculptor's chisel lends a second breath,
 And in the courts of Naples bids again
 The ghosts of Cæsars stand like living men.
 So, — when the sad but gracious veil of grey
 Falls softly silent o'er the melting day, —

Go teach thy thoughts in unison to turn
 To statued record and sepulchral urn,
 And feel that dullest hour can only shroud
 Eternal Beauty with a passing cloud.

Even as I write, against my window-pane
 Plash early heralds of the dewy rain,
 And to the sun-tired spirit sound confessed
 A kind of gentle parable of rest.
 A-weary of the long internal strife,
 Which surges still beneath the crust of life,
 And threatens all men in securest hour
 With some dread flash of the destroyer's
 power,
 Till in a moment be to ruin hurled
 Their baby-hold upon their treasured world, —
 The mind will crave, ere sultry evening close,
 From waste of fretful labor, dead repose.

So, o'er the treacherous beauty of a soil
 Quick with the live volcano's long turmoil,
 In sullen murmur hinting slow desire,
 And wrapping nature in a lust of fire,
 Or threatening to upheave in sudden birth
 On ruins of herself unstable earth,
 Careless of all the suffering of the few,
 So the great whole be to its mission true;
 Still ever and anon the southern day
 Pales out in quiet folds of tender grey,
 As if, where first their angry watch they kept,
 The very Titans in the prison slept.

With them tired heart, sleep, then, a little too,
 When restful cloud obscures the vaulted blue!
 If changeless sunshine flooded shore and sea,
 Where would the Spirit of the Shadow be?
 Spectator. HERMAN MERIVALE.

RESURGAM.

THE Winter morn of cheerless gray
 Dawns slowly up the sky;
 And in the cold, bleak light of day,
 The drifting snow-wreaths lie.

And all green things are lost to sight
 Beneath a weight of snow,
 And down into the cold, dark night
 The Winter day doth go.

But 'mid the gloom of wintry skies,
 I see a vision fair
 Of fresh Spring morns that brightly rise
 With sweet and balmy air.

Even thus, most gracious Lord, amid
 The gloom of death, we see
 Life everlasting, safely hid
 And garnered, Lord, in Thee.

The dreary grave is but the field
 Where lies the hopeful grain,
 And what with many a tear we yield,
 Shall be our own again.

Chambers' Journal.

J. C. HOWDEN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

FOR the large majority of persons now living in Great Britain, O'Connell has come to be nothing but a name. A name, it is true, with some vesture of awe and suspicion hanging around it, like a ghost; a name with some lingering capacity to make us feel uncomfortable; yet in the main a name only, like Chatham, or like Strafford. But for the small proportion of those now inhabiting the island, and for all who were breathing and moving upon it,

ἄσ' ἐπὶ γαίαν ἐπιπνεῖται τε καὶ ἔρπει,

forty and fifty years ago, from the highest to the lowest, O'Connell was, and was felt to be, not a name only but a power. He had, in 1828-9, encountered the victor of the Peninsula and of Waterloo on the battle-ground of the higher politics, of those politics which lie truly *inter apices*, and had defeated him, and had obtained from his own lips the avowal of his defeat.

Moreover, O'Connell was a champion of whom it might emphatically be said that alone he did it. True, he had a people behind him; but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense, the masses only, not the masses with the classes. The Irish aristocracy were not indeed then banded together, as they are now, in the cause that he thought the wrong one. Many of them supported Roman Catholic emancipation; but none of them comprehended that, in the long reckoning of international affairs, that support would have to be carried onwards and outwards to all its consequences. He saw, at the epoch of the Clare election, what they did not see, that the time had come when, to save the nation, a victim must be dedicated even from among the nation's friends, like the great king's daughter at Aulis to preserve the host commanded by her own father. O'Connell was the commander-in-chief, although as yet they hardly knew it; and even the most illustrious supporters of

Roman Catholic emancipation, on which-ever side the Channel, were but the rank and file behind him. His were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to St. Stephen's, almost as much as Moses led the children of Israel to Mount Sinai; and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had labored, and labored not in vain, to frustrate.

I assume, then, that this remarkable man, whom before reaching the end of these remarks I shall call a great man, has passed out of the mill-stream of politics into the domain of history. There, it is to be hoped, we may contemplate and examine his career in something of the solemn stillness of Glasnevin, where his remains repose beneath the soaring tower, the pre-eminently national symbol of his country.

We have now supplied to us for the first time, through the enterprise of my old friend Mr. Murray, the material necessary for this examination. The preceding biographers of O'Connell have not had access to the stores of the singularly characteristic correspondence in which, while his whole heart was set upon the purpose of the time, he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. The small but very interesting volume* of the Rev. Mr. Rourke is of too limited a scope, and was written with too partial an access to sources, for the exhibition of the entire man. The "Life and Times of the Liberator," † containing, as might be expected from its title, much extraneous matter, does not fill the void. The "Select Speeches" were published by his son Mr. John O'Connell, with "historical notices" of indispensable facts and dates, but with an express disclaimer of any attempt at biography.‡ From the expressions used by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his preface, I gather that the present work is substituted for the more formal biography, which was at one time meditated by his family.§

* The Centenary Life of O'Connell. By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1878.

† The Liberator, his Life and Times. Kenmare Publications. 2 vols. 8vo. (1873?)

‡ See preface to Select Speeches. 2 vols. 12mo. Duffy, Dublin (without date).

§ Ibid.

* Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator. Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London, Murray, 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

Unless I am much mistaken, the history of Ireland, especially for the last two hundred years, is not only a narrative replete in itself with the most singular interests, but is also a normal exercise for instruction in the basis of modern history at large. If this be so, then neither the timely and most dispassionately written volume of Mr. Lefevre,* nor even the comprehensive collection now before me, will supply the last word that is to be posthumously spoken of O'Connell, as to whom Mr. Greville,† most dispassionate of judges, has stated that "his position was unique: there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it." And once more, he was "the most important and most conspicuous man of his time and country." If he has now passed away from the clatter and the rowdiness of every-day politics,

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace, our time will surely not be lost in an endeavor to ascertain what manner of man it is that stands figured on the canvas before us. For Mr. Fitzpatrick, while presenting to us a collection of moderate extent, selected without doubt from a far larger mass of papers, has not only woven them into a web of fair average continuity, but has, as a sculptor would, presented to us his hero "in the round," so that we may consider each of his qualities in each varied light, and judge of their combination into a whole, whether it is mean or noble, consistent or inconsistent, natural or forced.

It is with something of a sense of special duty, and likewise with a peculiar satisfaction, that I make this small effort at historical justice in the case of the Irish Liberator, as he is most justly called. In early life I shared the prejudices against him, which were established in me not by conviction, but by tradition and education. As a young and insignificant member of Parliament, I never (so far as my memory goes) indulged in the safe impertinence of attacks, which it would have been beneath him to notice. I was fortunate, from an occurrence which on

his account I must mention further on in some detail, in being brought slightly yet sensibly into personal contact with him (now nearly fifty-five years ago), and thus having experience of his kindly and winning manners. But those who know only the hearty good-will of millions upon millions of the English people towards Ireland at this moment, can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled by popular opinion publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own; but, in the main, I fear that, taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel towards those whom they have injured. My own delinquencies in this sphere I think cannot be stated more strongly than in these words: I voted steadily with the opposition on Irish questions in the Melbourne period, and I had entered the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in 1843 when the prosecution of the Liberator, in connection with the monster meetings, was undertaken. One very slight plea only can I offer for myself. I was not blind to his greatness. Almost from the opening of my Parliamentary life I felt that he was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen. Nevertheless I desire to purge myself, by this public act, of any residue of old and unjust prepossession, to

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart.*

There cannot but be many, in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor Grattan (each how great in their several capacities!) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history, I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great duke is truly, in mathematical

* Peel and O'Connell. 8vo, London, 1887.

† Greville Memoirs, Second Series, iii. 86.

* Macbeth v. 3.

phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man; and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great duke in the field establish an excess in his favor. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action.

There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges: a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an *ethnagogue*. He was not the leader either of *plebs* or *populus* against optimates; he was the leader of a nation; and this nation, weak, outnumbered, and despised, he led, not always unsuccessfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest perhaps and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upwards on the moral scale) from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi, and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in this vital point, that they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation *minus* its dissentients, against conquerors, who were never expelled but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him; we must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling all along of his own raw material, that is to say, of the people; and so handled them by direct personal agency, that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world.

The dates and epochs of O'Connell's

life are simple. He was born in the county of Kerry on the 6th of August, 1775. He received his college education at St. Omer and Douay, during the years of the French Revolution. At this period, there are sufficient indications that in character, though not in mere opinion, "the boy was father of the man." It came to a close in January, 1793, when he wrote to his uncle Maurice, whose property he was to inherit, that "the conduct the English have pursued with regard to the French in England makes us dread to be turned off every day" (vol. i., p. 7). He set out, however, under a summons from Ireland; and, as I remember his telling me in 1834, he crossed the Channel homewards in the boat which brought the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. The excesses of the time drove him in the opposite direction; and, when the boat got under way, he flung into the sea his tricolor cockade, which was reverently picked up by some French fishermen rowing past, with a curse upon him for his pains. He studied law in London; and it appears that the State trials of the day, aimed against freedom, disenchanted his politics, and brought him to Liberalism, by which he held steadily and warmly to his dying day. He was called to the bar in 1798; and in 1802, despite the protestations of his friends, and the unrelenting opposition of his uncle, he married a penniless but devoted wife. He did it, expecting disinheritance; and Darrynane was not his in fact until 1825.

The first quarter of the century was spent in achieving at the Irish bar not prominence only but supremacy; such a supremacy as probably never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that highly distinguished body. From the first, he earned something; and in 1813 his receipts already approached four thousand *per annum*. In the last year of his stuff gown, as he told me himself in 1834, he made 7,000*l.* In his letter of 1842 to Lord Shrewsbury (ii. 284) he states that in the year before emancipation, while he belonged to the outer bar, his "professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l.*;" and that soon, on his obtaining a silk gown, they must have been "consid-

erably increased." Even Lord Shrewsbury, the leader of his co-religionists in England, had joined in the vulgar cry against his receiving the contributions of the Irish people. How far loftier and more discerning, how wise and true, are the words of Mr. Greville on his death in 1847, "It was an income nobly given, and nobly earned"!

Yet, even during this quarter of a century, while he was earning a position which became an essential condition of his influence, he was (from 1805 onwards, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, i. 15) the life and soul of that small and continually dwindling residue of nationality, which the Union, and the accompaniments and consequences of the Union, had left to Ireland. His first, as I believe, and not his least memorable public utterance had been made in January, 1800, when he was twenty-four years old. In writing to Lord Shrewsbury he says:—

For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

This was without doubt what may be called the opulent period of his life; but hear him as to even this period (*ibid.*):—

For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would insure?

From, or shortly before, the epoch of the Clare election in 1828 dates the commencement of his absorption in public affairs. He was now *totus in illis*. He remained at his zenith until 1843, when the Peel administration instituted the great prosecution against him. It can hardly be said that this prosecution was directly the cause of a decline in his power over the people. But thus much appears to be certain. If his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell did not break his spirit, it added heavily to that drain upon his nerve power, which had

for so many years been excessive, and almost unparalleled. The loss of a grandchild, we are told, almost crushed the great and profoundly susceptible heart (ii. 331). His handwriting, formerly so bold, became tremulous and indistinct.

He was released in September, 1844, under the judgment of the House of Lords. During the time for which his action had been paralyzed, the mind of Ireland, under the influence of disappointment, had been moving in the direction of counsels alien from his. O'Connell's were always the counsels of legality; the new counsels were counsels of force, of force the offspring of despair, and adopted as the sole remaining alternative after the failure of O'Connell's policy based on bloodless effort. On the back of all this came the terrible prospect of the famine. He could not bear it; or he could not bear his own heart-rending sense of incapacity to relieve it. The powerful frame, the brain yet more powerful, gradually yielded to a pressure which defied all resistance. He set out for a Continental tour devised by way of remedy, and recommended by the knowledge of his fervent faith, and the hope that arrival at the *limina Apostolorum* might operate as a charm upon him. But the journey was one of manifest though intermitted stages of decline. He was mercifully spared both acute agony of body, and obscurity of mind; and, having received devoutly all the consolations of his Church, he passed into the world of spirits on the 15th of May, 1847. His age was no more than seventy-one; but it may safely be said that these years included, in labor, in experience, in emotion, in anxiety, in suffering, and in elastic and masculine reaction against it, ten times what is allotted, in the same space of time, to more ordinary men.

And here I part from simple narrative to attempt an estimate of the character and action of O'Connell.

The domestic relations of O'Connell cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader of this book. They were broadly distinguished from those of common men by the vehement and ever-flowing tide of emotion that coursed through them. They are illuminated by every occasion that comes up, and we find him acting the part of a spiritual adviser in detail to a daughter in a grave and anxious crisis of the soul, the particular nature of which is reverently veiled. Their verbal expression is concentrated in his letters to his wife. From these it appears that his whole married life from its commence-

ment in 1802 to its close in 1836, was one continued course, not of ardent affection only, but of courtship. Unless for the purpose of satire, no such gushing vocabulary of love has ever, as far as I know, been laid open to the public eye. O'Connell speaks of Charles Phillips, the author of "Curran and his Contemporaries," as "insane with love" (i. 24). Some might be inclined to retort the phrase upon him. After eleven years of married life, in a letter of no more than sixteen lines, his wife is "my darling heart," "heart's treasure," "my sweetheart love," "my own Mary," "my own darling love," "my own dearest, dearest darling;" and "I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you." This is from him when on circuit, to whom the expenditure of a minute was the expenditure of a drop of professional life's blood. In other ways we shall see that he was a man who never could withhold, never could contract, his sympathies. In this very letter, there is one, and but one, morsel of pure prose—his business "is increasing almost beyond endurance" (i. 20). In later years, the catalogue of endearing phrases is scarcely shortened (see i. 99, 100), and he truly describes his case when he says (in 1825), "Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your old husband?" If Mr. Fitzpatrick has at all deviated from the common use in printing these letters, he has not done it without sufficient cause. For they exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine, and being in its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict, the lively, and even redundant, play of the affections.

The degree in which his business was exacting, his cares overwhelming, I for one have never fully understood except upon the perusal of these really important and historical volumes. Upon no sovereign, upon no imperial chancellor, were the anxieties of empire ever more fully charged, than O'Connell was laden with the thought of Ireland, and with the supreme direction of its concerns. He was all along the missionary of an idea. The idea was the restoration of the public life of his country; which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralyzed, by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood; from the commencement of his full

political career it became the mainspring of his acts, his words, his movements; the absolute mistress of his time, of his purse, and of whatever additions his credit could make to his pecuniary resources. He loved his country with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, and with all his strength. In his eye, Dublin Castle, commonly considered as embodying the government of Ireland, had no substantive existence except as a machinery for repressing the national life through the careful fostering of alien powers, in an omnipotent landlordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, mis-called national, in proselytizing schemes of popular education, and in an anti-popular administration of the law, from its highest agencies downwards to its lowest. To the well-meant money grants, for draining and the like, he would have had a twofold answer: first, that they were but a miserable set-off against the heavysums which England owed to Ireland in account; and secondly, with even greater emphasis, that man does not live by bread alone, and that it is idle to study feeding the mere stomach of a nation, yet at the same time to stop all the avenues of its higher life. For the true work of a government, Dublin Castle, with all its costly and complicated *rouages*, was a mere negation; and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had formerly been alive, and had been smothered by external force, enter into life once more. He therefore had to do the work that in the ordinary course of human affairs is served by an organized system, and occupies a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages which result from effective division of labor. There was hardly a man in Ireland available, in the highest matters, for lightening his solitudes by sharing them. One indeed there was who appears to have had the capacity, namely, Bishop Doyle; but, for whatever reason, he does not seem to have worked continuously with O'Connell. And yet there was no case of wrong to which he closed his ear, which his tongue and pen were not ready to redress. Of him, and of his unbounded sympathies, may be said what Mr. Lowell has said of his country with a noble fervor and in its vigorous *patois*,—

She whose free latch-string never was drawn
in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

Upon this subject, which powerfully illustrates the largeness of O'Connell's

nature, I must dwell a little. In him we see more than in most even of the good men of history that love and justice are essentially boundless, and that to spend them on one subject seems to increase, and not to lessen, the fund available for spending upon others also. He was an Irishman, but he was also a cosmopolite. I remember personally how, in the first session of my Parliamentary life, he poured out his wit, his pathos, and his earnestness, in the cause of negro emancipation. Having adopted the political creed of Liberalism, he was as thorough an English Liberal, as if he had had no Ireland to think of. He had energies to spare for law reform (i. 167), for postal reform (a question of which he probably was one of few to discern at the time the greatness), for secret voting, for corn-law repeal, in short for whatever tended, within the political sphere, to advance human happiness and freedom. It hardly need be said that he was opposed, in 1829, to the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. He was not deluded by the plausible arguments for this measure; which seriously marred the grant of emancipation, and consequentially restricted, for half a century, the legitimate extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The wide scope of his embrace, in questions of sympathy with his fellow-men, is, however, yet more remarkably shown by the manner in which he exerted himself on behalf of individuals. There was a certain Sir Abraham B. King, a functionary of the Dublin Corporation, and deputy grand master of the Orange Society. It was for denouncing the Dublin Corporation as "beggary" that D'Esterre sent O'Connell in 1815 the challenge, which cost the unhappy man his life; and Orangism as such was the one and only thing Irish that lay outside the precinct of the fervid Irishman's sympathies. King, however, was put out of his berth in 1832 by a measure of reform, and raised a complaint of insufficient compensation. O'Connell examined his claim, took up his case, carried it to a successful issue, and enjoyed his lifelong gratitude, expressed in a glowing letter at the time, and in a message transmitted from his deathbed (i. 296-8).

Another case, even more worthy of mention, is not noticed in these volumes, but is recorded in Parliamentary documents, and lies also within my own personal knowledge. It was indeed a case of effort on behalf of one who was, like himself, a Liberal in politics, and a man of

distinguished talents. There was no other claim of any sort. The singularity, however, of the effort lies in the boldness of the scheme of relief, and in the astonishing amount of labor bestowed upon it by a man already overcharged. It occurred in 1834. The gentleman whose champion he became, had been a solicitor, but had been touched by the verdicts of juries in two actions, dating nearly a quarter of a century before. One of them concerned the abstraction of an important paper, and the other turned upon the appropriation of a sum of money. With the correctness of these verdicts we have nothing now to do. But, in the intervening period, the benchers of one among our Inns of Court had, by reason of them, rejected him as an applicant for admission to the bar, for which he was deemed to have high qualifications in other respects. With this narrative in his eye, O'Connell moved for an inquiry by a committee of Parliament into the Inns of Court themselves. To this motion objection was taken on behalf of those powerful bodies. In the course of the debate, O'Connell found that both their friends and the ministry of the day would acquiesce in an inquiry if limited to the particular instance which he himself had in view. He adroitly fell back on the suggestion, which in effect gave all he wanted. His committee sat, and boldly retried the issues. Even these last times have not furnished an example of a more extraordinary proceeding. But what I have to note is the amount of personal sacrifice made by O'Connell for one with whom he had no connection, I believe, of a personal or special kind. He took the chair, conducted the examinations, carried the report, and presented the result to Parliament in five hundred folio pages of hard work.

I was myself a member of that committee, and was the only member who did not concur in the final judgment of the committee. A material witness named Skingley, living at Coggeshall in Essex, was, from age and infirmity, unable to appear. The committee (that is to say, O'Connell) obtained power to adjourn from place to place; and three of its members, forming a *quorum*, undertook to go down and examine Skingley at his own abode. These three were O'Connell, Sir George Sinclair, and myself. We set out at five on a summer's morning, in a carriage and four, and returned after dusk. The incident gave me an opportunity of enjoying the frank and kindly conversation of this most remarkable man; whose national,

I may say whose imperial cares had thus been forced into compatibility with an enormous effort, such as hardly any unoccupied person would have undertaken, and which he could have had no motive for undertaking except an overpowering belief that justice to an individual demanded it.

As any and every authentic record of a man so greatly transcending the common scale has more or less of value, I may here mention one or two slight incidents of my occasional Parliamentary contact with O'Connell. Once, in a speech on Irish affairs, I had in perfect good faith, but in a blind acceptance of prevailing traditions, noticed some observation that had been made in debate on Protestant and English cruelties in Ireland, and said that I did not see what practical good was to be gained by dwelling either on those outrages, or on the bloody and terrible retributions which they had provoked. O'Connell interrupted me so loudly and vehemently that he was called to order for it by the speaker (Abercromby), who rose in his chair (I think) for the purpose. I assured him with truth that I had no intention to refer to anything, except what was on all hands admitted. I little knew then what good reason he had to resent the use of any language which appeared to place upon a footing approaching to equality the hideous massacres perpetrated on the Irish under supreme direction, and the feeble, limited, and sporadic acts of retaliation, which were the wild cries of nature outraged beyond endurance, and which were, in the most conspicuous instances, prohibited and denounced by the national leaders from 1641 to 1798. It was six or eight years later, in 1843, when O'Connell himself in a published volume, largely composed of authenticated extracts, supplied the world with adequate means of judgment upon these gross and often almost incredible enormities perpetrated against Ireland. His book stopped at the Restoration. It was marked Vol. I., but no second volume ever appeared. My recollection, which does not stand alone, is that, so far as England was concerned, the tale of horror produced no sensation whatever, and that the work fell stillborn from the press.*

As was altogether seemly in a man of such breadth and penetration, he had a taste for theology, like others of the statesmen of that day. In one of his letters to

Archbishop M'Hale he says: "No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the Church in France. . . . There does not live a human being more submissive *in omnibus* to the Church than I am" (i. 510). The object of this letter was to prevent the "light of Rome" from being any longer "obsured by the clouds of English influence." Direct action in Rome had then recently been resorted to by Lord Palmerston, in the interest of the Italian people; and the great chieftain evidently suspected what afterwards came to pass, that the same influence might be used in order to keep down the Irish. There is abundant testimony of his conformity to the rule of submission in the spiritual sphere. But it is interesting to see how, when speaking of the pope, he guards himself by confining himself to his "spiritual authority." I have myself heard him reply warmly in Parliament to some member, who charged him with what was then called divided allegiance, by an emphatic declaration that, in regard to the political interests of his country, neither pope nor council was his guide.

But for the freedom of his Church he watched with the eye of a lynx, and saw the hollowness of the State's coquetry, at a time when the hierarchy in Ireland were so grateful for the gift as it were of breathing freely after the persecution they had suffered, as to be ready to accept the *veto* of a Protestant State on episcopal appointments. For the keenness of his vision, and the courage and consistency of his action in this matter, she owes him much. But I believe that we also owe him something. In the light of subsequent experience, it seems a rational opinion that the *veto* would have impeded the solution of important questions, and would have acted injuriously on the religious interests of following generations.

When in 1834 we made our summer journey into Essex, he brought with him a book of theology, the name of which I have forgotten, to prove to me that Protestants were all regarded by the Roman Church as Christians (he might have added, as actually brought within her jurisdiction) in virtue of their baptism. In a memorandum of my own, made at the time,* I find it noted with respect to Protestants, "that he deemed it his duty to hope that they were internally united

* A Memoir of Ireland Native and Saxon. By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin, 1843.

* And published with my consent by the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, at the close of the third edition of his life of O'Connell in 1878.

to the Church," but that "the heathen were in a state of reprobation, he believed necessarily;" this latter an opinion which, with more leisure and inquiry, he could hardly have failed to discharge from his mind, as Dante did, who, five hundred years before, assigned to them no bitterer lot than the endurance of desire without expectation, —

Che senza speme vivemo in disio.*

I published, in the end of 1838, a volume on the relations of Church and State, which was thought to savor of the opinions of the Oxford School. At the beginning of the ensuing session I chanced to fall in with O'Connell behind the speaker's chair. He laid his hand on my arm and said, "I claim the half of you." At all times he was most kindly and genial to one who had no claim to his notice, and whose prejudices were all against him. He had, however, without doubt, more religion than theology, and was in truth thoroughly, consistently, and affectionately devout. I will not inquire whether his duel with D'Esterre requires any qualification of this statement, as applicable to the date of its occurrence. It may be said, however, that an Irishman who, either then or for some time after, was not a duellist, must have been either more or less than man. And the House of Commons is now familiar with the stately figure of an Irish gentleman advanced in life, who carries with him the halo of an extraordinary reputation in that particular, but who is conspicuous among all his contemporaries for his singularly beautiful and gentle manners.

To return to O'Connell. His professional business absorbed his week-days in early life, so that his journeys from town to town were very commonly made on Sundays; and I remember that in 1834 he suggested a like expedient (of course after his early mass) for the journey into Essex, to Sir G. Sinclair and myself, both much otherwise inclined. But in these letters he expresses a regret (i. 132) for the necessity so often laid upon him; and, quite apart from this, persons accustomed to a British Sunday should hold themselves disabled from passing a judgment upon our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, whose week-days are often more Sunday-like than ours. We gather from these volumes the interesting intelligence that at one time, when still full of vigor at sixty-four years of age (ii. 195), he seri-

ously contemplated a religious retirement at Clongowes for the remainder of his life. In the formation of this desire, disappointment at some failure or decline of the rent may have played a secondary part, but the main motive of it is touchingly described in these few words: "I want a period of retreat to think of nothing but eternity." So that when the final stage arrived, and he had death in immediate contemplation on his intercepted journey, both the first faint whisper of the summons, and its later and fuller sound, found him watching, as one prepared for the coming of his Lord. The signs abound everywhere in these volumes that he bore with him a lively sense of the presence of God, though taste and reverence withheld him from its free manifestation in the *bufera infernal*, the heated and contentious atmosphere of Parliament.

My reference to D'Esterre must be a little enlarged. But for the use of a single and dangerous epithet ("contemptuous") in his explanatory letter about the Corporation of Dublin, this unhappy antagonist would not have had even a pretext for driving forwards the fatal controversy (i. 28). In the duel, O'Connell purposely fired low; but his shot was fatal. He offered to "share his income" with the widow. This was declined. To her daughter he paid an annuity regularly until his death. On hearing that she was the plaintiff in a weighty suit at Cork, he threw up important briefs and returned the retaining fees, went down from Dublin, pleaded the cause, and won (i. 34). And it is said that he never passed a certain building that recalled the memory of D'Esterre without uttering a prayer for his soul. The duel was in 1815. At a later period, he formed a deliberate resolution never to fight another.

O'Connell is clearly to be regarded as a man who desired to maintain peace, property, and law. Yet his case exhibits the difficulties which are certain to arise when, as in Ireland, legality and morality have been long pitted against each other in those provinces of human existence which most concern the vital interests of the people. Accordingly, this friend of law nevertheless could upon occasion recommend not only exclusive dealing since known as boycotting, but exclusive treatment outside of dealings; and the carrying of this treatment to a point so extreme as, for example, the erection of cribs in the chapels, within which alone those who had voted wrong were to be allowed to pray. One step further planted men in the do-

* Inferno iv. 42.

main of sheer violence. It seems hard to deny that this step was sometimes taken.* The violence must be condemned, and so must the recommendation which was the immediate incentive; but not so as to blind us to the fact, that a severer condemnation is due to those, who maintained abominable laws, impossible to be borne by human beings except in a state of abject slavery. The tyranny of the landlord, which was then counteracted by the tyranny of outrage, received in 1871 a deadly blow from the introduction of secret voting, and another heavy stroke in 1885 from the extension of the franchise. The result has been that exclusive dealing, and such exclusive treatment as may now follow it, have come to be as a rule effectually dissociated from outrage; and coercion, which has lost its warrant, assumes an aspect more odious than ever, because it is directed against action the same in essence as that which has been found essential for self-defence by the order-loving workmen of Great Britain, and which is effectually guaranteed to them by the law.

It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to equal aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of the bar, the platform, and the senate. As a Parliamentary speaker, no one, in matching him with his contemporaries of the House of Commons, would have relegated him to the second class; but it might be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest when answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and least great when charging himself with extended and complex exposition. As an advocate it may, I apprehend, be asked, without creating surprise, whether the entire century has produced any one more eminent; though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared to run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarlett probably never once missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It is here that Brougham, greatly his superior in Parliamentary eloquence and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. As orator of the platform, he may challenge all the world; for whoever in the same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and soothed, a people?

But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also the character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chiefly in connection with the pro-

posal to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland. Now I would venture to propound as the criteria of statesmanship, properly so called, first, the capacity to embrace broad principles and to hold them fast, secondly, the faculty which can distinguish between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordination to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fully answers. He never for a moment changed his end; he never hesitated to change his means. His end was the restoration of the public life of Ireland; and he pursued it, from his youth to his old age, with unflinching fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect, he drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland. Nay, he subordinated not civil equality alone, but even toleration for his co-religionists, to the political independence and unity of Ireland, always under the British crown. Perhaps the very noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon his tomb would be a passage from the speech which he delivered, when only twenty-four years of age, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in opposition to the Union, on the 13th of January, 1800: *—

Let every man who feels with me proclaim that, if the alternative were offered him of Union, or the re-enactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him,† than lay his country at the feet of foreigners.

This exalted sentiment drew forth "much and marked approbation." O'Connell was true to it in proposing the repeal. Whatever difficulties that measure might now entail, they had by experience been shown to be at that time altogether secondary. Mr. Burke allowed to them no weight whatever. O'Connell had lived through the horrors that preceded and brought about the Union. It is my firm belief that if Englishmen could have had a parallel experience in their own country, they, Tory as well as Liberal, would have adopted the sentiment of O'Connell, and that with their heads as well as with their hearts. Repeal was the one obvious, direct, and natural means of repairing the specific mischief, nor was it then his business to appreciate the inconveniences of reversal; though it was doubtless a duty

* See the Reign of Terror in Carlow (Nisbet, 1841), especially pp. 113-20.

* Life and Times of the Liberator, I. 232.
† By the Franchise Act of 1793.

to take them into view when, within the walls of Parliament, he became charged as a legislator with public and imperial cares. And this is the very thing that, when the occasion arose, he showed that he was able to do, and did.

On the second accession of Lord Melbourne to power, he thought that he saw his opportunity for an alternative policy. That remarkable man, who has often been accused of political indifferentism, had filled for a short time the office of chief secretary; and his experience, as Mr. Lamb, seems not to have been lost upon him. In 1827, when Mr. Canning was prime minister, O'Connell writes (i. 148): "With Mr. Lamb, I would forfeit my head if we did not un-Orange Ireland, and make the Protestants content and good, and the Catholics devotedly loyal; for our disposition truly leans to loyalty."

Early in 1835 came the epoch of what was termed the Lichfield compact. "Compact there was none," says Earl Russell (ii. 2), but an alliance. Nothing could be more honorable, nothing more wise. O'Connell was ready, like a man of sense, to try out fairly and fully the experiment of government from London, and on the condition of justice to Ireland, if attainable, to waive, even to abandon, the policy of repeal. Such was the extent of his concession: "a real Union, or no Union" (ii. 59, compare 105). Justice to Ireland embraced two great items. The first was that of legislative reforms. The second was the substitution of a national for an anti-national spirit in Irish administration. For the second, and hardly the less difficult, of these a rare instrument was at hand in the person of Drummond,* private secretary to Lord Althorp, who now became under-secretary in Dublin, and who appears, by a singular combination of courage, sagacity, and tact, to have reversed the movement of the administrative machinery in Ireland, and inspired its people for the first time with a dawning hope, and yet never to have supplied the Orange party, then strong in Parliament, with the means of establishing a charge of partiality against him, and of thus showing that one abusive system had only been supplanted by another. O'Connell supported the government, in fulfilment of his avowed intention, with fidelity and patience. But the legislative portion of

the scheme was sickly from the first, and grew sicklier still. The Irish Church establishment remained in its monstrous integrity. Even municipal reform was combated for seven years, and then given in a shape such as to humiliate the country that received it, by perpetuating the principle of inequality. Drummond died. The ministry declined, from a variety of causes, some to its honor and some otherwise. I regret to record that among the reasons for their gradual loss of favor with the English people was their honest and persistent endeavor to mitigate or redress a part at least of the grievances of Ireland. In 1840 O'Connell confesses (i. 230) the failure of his conciliatory plan; and the accession of the opposition to power, in August, 1841, seems to have struck for him the keynote of absolute despair.

But the flexibility of his mind was indefectible; and the rebounding force of its elasticity was still to be shown. Failing with repeal, and failing with justice to Ireland, he turned to what appears, in these pages and elsewhere, under the roughly applied name of federalism. Miss Cusack has published* a curious note by Mr. Butt, which states with considerable appearance of authority that, in 1844, the Liberal leaders met and resolved to offer to O'Connell a Parliament for Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain. We must still hope for further elucidation of so remarkable a statement. What is indisputable is that O'Connell seems to have been perfectly prepared to adopt this guarded means of reanimating and embodying the national life of Ireland. In a letter of October, 1844, to the secretary of the Repeal Association, he gives his full adhesion to this plan, and sets forth its principle at great length (ii. 433-48), though after the manner of a man who does not feel himself to be on the eve of practical legislation. He declares, however (446), an actual preference for it over repeal pure and simple.

In general he had a mean estimate of his coadjutors in Ireland, and calls them "the species of animals with which I had to carry on my warfare with the common enemy" (ii. 183). His Parliamentary following was mostly of an inferior stamp, whence the *sobriquet* of O'Connell's tail. They stand in disadvantageous contrast with the body, of about the same numerical strength, which supported Mr. Parnell

* As this article is going to press, I hear that the life of Mr. Drummond by Mr. Barry O'Brien is on the point of appearing. It cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. Mr. O'Brien is extremely well fitted for his task; and the career of Mr. Drummond forms an indispensable link in the chain of Irish history.—W. E. G.

* Life and Times, ii. 702.

in the Parliament of 1880; and they could do little to lighten the multitudinous cares of their chief. One of the revelations supplied by these volumes exhibits the cruel pungency of those cares in a point not hitherto known or appreciated. Through all the years of Herculean labor entailed by his Parliamentary dominance, and notwithstanding the large sums, sometimes exceeding 16,000*l.* (i. 202), placed at his disposal from year to year by the Irish nation, he lived almost from day to day under the pressure of the most acute pecuniary anxieties.* It was probably with some idea of forethought for his family that he founded, or shared in founding, a bank and a brewery (i. 421, 442, ii. 194); and it does not appear that these had much to do in the making or marring of his fortunes. The only signs of heavy personal expenditure in these volumes are that he was compelled to have several residences, that his frequent and rapid journeys must have been expensive, that his charities (to which he pays a touchingly minute attention) were liberal, and that his free and large nature delighted to expand itself in hospitality at Darrynane. No account is presented on the pages before us; but we are safe in conjecturing that the rent would have met all these charges over and over again; and they do nothing to explain his constant use of the instrument of credit, his resort to the expedients of renewal, his casting himself, again and again, sometimes in despair, on the ingenuity, the devotion, and the patience of his friend and agent Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who plays a silent part in the narrative, but whose parts and gifts must in their line have been as remarkable, as his active friendship was invaluable. The explanation evidently lies in the ravenous demands, at that date, of Parliamentary life, the heavy charges of elections and petitions, and in the fact that on him seems to have lain the burden of meeting the pecuniary engagements of many seats and persons besides his own and those of his family. We are told of a single dissolution which brings him (ii. 53) five contests, and five election petitions. He is too brave to complain readily, but sometimes it is more than he can bear. On the 11th of July, 1842, he writes to Fitzpatrick: "Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety. God bless you, my dear friend" (ii. 289). But never, so far as appears, was there a man

more truly superior to money; its master, not its slave. At his death, his personal property was sworn under 21,800*l.* This value consisted principally, in all likelihood, of insurances on his life, which it was his practice to make largely. But his debts were not less than 20,752*l.*; so the true value of his personal estate was no more than 1,048*l.* He himself states the landed estate of the family to have been worth 1,000*l. per annum.*

While all this was going on, he was occasionally also pierced by the stings of ingratitude. The English Roman Catholics, who owed everything to him, had a club called the Cisalpine Club (i. 186). In May, 1829, the very time of his victory on their behalf, they blackballed O'Connell. Let us hope it was some small minority; but he calls them "the English Catholics." At the best it is bad enough. Burdett in 1835, before his great "recant of patriotism," wrote, as Greville* tells us, to the managers of Brooks's to propose his expulsion; but he was at that time indispensable to the Whig party. There are stories of social exclusion practised against him by the ministers; but, if they are true, it might be due to the fear of offending weak brethren among their party.

O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it was with an innocuous and sportive vanity, that played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations.† His ample faculty of wit, and his intense love of fun, may have sometimes too easily inclined him to a jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous; and he was given to exaggeration. In 1837 he declares (ii. 80) he had two hundred letters a day, and this at a time when letters usually were charged from sixpence to eighteenpence apiece, and prepayment was unusual. The scenery at Darrynane was "the finest, the most majestic in the world" (ii. 293). The beagles were beyond all rivalry; and his own performances as a pedestrian are described in terms which raise the smile of scepticism on the lips of those who remember that his figure, though not inactive, was eminently portly as well as too large in scale for superlative activity. On the dissolution of 1837 he predicts a working majority of sixty to seventy, which proved to be under twenty; and further counts upon "at least

* Seei. 54, 193, 248, 257, 269, 295, 354, 347.

* Greville Memoirs, First Series, iii. 320.
† II. 231, and elsewhere.

fifty" to be attracted by a settled ministry, of whom there was not one. In early days he thought emancipation certain and immediate long before it came; further on he was not less confident about repeal. In 1835 the Tories were down (ii. 12) "forever." In 1840 the Tories "never will regain power" (ii. 221-2). In the same year the Duke of Wellington (ii. 226) "will be speedily extinct as a political man." This power of believing what he wished was probably a remedial provision in his nature, and may have added on the whole to his vast but heavily taxed working superiority. If, as some say, he was dictatorial, it was from a resistless consciousness of superiority. No man could be more profoundly deferential and humble for a public purpose, but for a personal or private object he never cringed. His tact and self-control in the interest of his clients were as those of Odysseus. But like Odysseus he was tempted on occasion; and once, in court, he was about to waste on an interruption of the opposing counsel, a point which was invaluable for reply, when Blackburn, who was employed with him in the case, pulled him down by his gown. Irascible without doubt he was, and highly irascible; but he was placable in a not less eminent degree. From Richmond Bridewell he writes to Sheil, who had joined the Whigs, and expostulates with him on his conduct (ii. 322-4). But mark his closing paragraph:

Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you! Be assured of my friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics, but I am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

His greatest fault seems to have been his too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it. Thus in 1832 he published, in a paper called the *Cosmopolite* (October 6) the following scurrilous passage:—

I promise to demonstrate that he has been guilty of the most gross and shameless violation of a public pledge that ever disgraced any British minister since Parliament was first instituted. I do expect to demonstrate that no honest man can vote for Lord Althorp in any county or borough without being content to share in his guilt and disgrace.

Lord Althorp was one of the best, truest, and purest among the public men of this or any other country. Such a habit of hasty and uncurbed invective was peculiarly blamable in a man who had, however

rightly, resolved to exempt himself from the consequences then usual; and they did much to maintain, and something at least colorably to warrant, the cruel and inveterate prejudice against Ireland, which at that time possessed, beyond question, the minds of a vast portion of the British people. But I have now closed the list of the faults which, so far as I see, can be fairly charged against him; and how short and light a list it is, compared with the catalogue of his splendid virtues, and of those services to the people of his own blood which have assured the immortality and the brightness of his fame!

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable, but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being, are more worthy than any among his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings, but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied, how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his properties and powers he was one, indivisible, and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seemed to wander into violence, these were the wanderings of a moment; his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion, and indeed under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism, like the satellites about a mighty planet. Few indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal to these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man, and that he was a good man. Upon this issue the volumes now before us will enable us to try him; and, in trying him, to try ourselves. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is still due to him; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides

being a great and a good, he was also a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of a coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say, that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims, or of wasted opportunities; and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.

From The Fortnightly Review.
WAR.

BY GEN. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

IN the last volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" there is an article on "War" of very remarkable excellence. If the author — Colonel Maurice, Royal Artillery — had written nothing else, this article alone would, I think, stamp him as the ablest English writer on military subjects. He has, however, given us already several well-thought-out, admirably reasoned works. Amongst them "The Balance of Power in Europe" attracted the attention of the leading statesmen of Europe, and displayed a thorough grasp of the subject he there placed so clearly before the public. Conversant with the military history of all times, he brings to bear upon the article on war an intimate knowledge of all the great wars of this century.

Not only is he well versed in all the military literature which treats of the campaigns in the Bismarck-Von Moltke epoch, but he has carefully studied on the ground the positions on which were fought many of the hardest contested actions of the last Franco-German War. I know of no English officer who possesses such a stored-up accumulation of strategical facts and tactical information, and I think the severest critic who reads the article in question will readily admit that Colonel Maurice is well able to group instructively the arguments he bases on that knowledge, and to state them in clear, nervous English, which is very pleasant reading.

Whilst this article on war is one that will deeply interest every soldier, the general reader owes Colonel Maurice a debt of gratitude for the clear and concise manner in which he explains what are mysteries to the uninitiated. I refer to the question of why it is that an army cannot always be concentrated and in fighting trim; why it is that armies move so slowly; why it is one army does not always attack the other in flank; what is

the reason an army takes so long to pass a river; how it is that one side, after a series of moves or manœuvres, succeeds in taking the other at a disadvantage, and whilst amusing and detaining a large portion of the enemy's forces with a vastly inferior detachment, is thus able to be much superior to him in strength at the most vital point. We are so accustomed to obtain food for ourselves and servants without any difficulty, that we are apt to forget that fifty thousand men and twenty thousand horses collected together into one locality require, besides water, about two hundred and fifty tons weight of food daily. It cannot be obtained locally, so most of it has to be brought up from the rear by railway or in horsed wagons.

Much of the impatience felt by the people at home, during our little wars, at what they conceive to be the dilatoriness of the operations, arises from ignorance upon the points I have specified. A man who takes his afternoon walk through by-paths and across country finds some difficulty in explaining to himself why it is that armies can only move on roads. It is to be hoped that this article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will in future prevent those whose province it is to inform us upon all the daily occurrences in every campaign, from repeating errors, into which a short study of the science they write about would have prevented them from falling.

Military history and the general principles of war formed in past ages an important item in the education of all great public men. It is, I think, very much to be regretted that those who aspire to be British statesmen no longer study these subjects. A careful attention to the science of perspective might quite as well be omitted from the education of an artist. There was a time when a knowledge of Vegetius and of the best contemporary works on war, was regarded as of equal importance to a statesman, as a knowledge of Vattel, Adam Smith, or Blackstone. The study of the art of war, that is, really, of its practice, is the especial province of the professional soldier, but the great principles of its science can be as easily comprehended as any book of Euclid by all clear-headed men alike. Although a little knowledge of war may be a very dangerous possession to the ruler or minister who is unwise enough to interfere directly in the movements and distribution of armies, as, for example, both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis did, I cannot but think that a clear conception of war's first principles would have saved England from

several rash and ill-starred undertakings, both by sea and land. Had our Cabinet in 1854 had even the most elementary knowledge of war, a little army that was incapable of taking the field, and was deficient in all the civil departments, stores, transport, etc., which are to an army what steam is to the engine, would never have been thrown ashore in the Crimea, to fight a Russian army and take Sebastopol. More recent instances might be quoted, but I refrain from doing so.

Whilst I believe the main principles of war are to-day as they were when Napoleon with a small army fought that splendid campaign of 1814, and dealt out crushing blows right and left upon the disunited allied forces, yet it is very evident that the practice of war now, as carried out with huge armies, is very different. The small army in a central position was easily moved, now in one direction, then again towards an opposite point of the compass. But large armies cannot be thus manipulated. It is difficult enough to feed and supply them along lines of communication well studied beforehand, but when the direction is changed from day to day, and forced marches are a necessary part of the plan adopted, any such operations as those so brilliantly executed by the French army in 1814, are out of the question when a large army is concerned. This can be easily understood when it is remembered, that the number and quality of the roads in any theatre of war which will enable a small army to move with rapidity, may be entirely insufficient for the advance of those enormous armies that are now placed in the field. One ordinary army corps, with its train of about a thousand wagons, marching by one road, covers about thirty miles of it. The reader will therefore easily understand that the concentration alone for a great battle under the existing conditions of Continental warfare is by itself one good day's work. The practice of war in Europe now is very different from what it was when Napoleon, in 1796, descending from the Maritime Alps, pounced rapidly first on one portion of his enemy's army and then upon another. Railways and telegraphs have, of course, done a great deal to help to move armies and to feed them when moving, but these facilities do not compensate for the greater difficulties under which war is undertaken when armies are counted, not by thousands as formerly, but by hundreds of thousands as at present.

In defining the difference between strat-

egy and tactics, as being respectively concerned, the first with the theatre of war, the latter with the battle-field, I think Colonel Maurice somewhat restricts too much the subjects embraced under the heading of tactics. Battles are of rare occurrence, but marches and outpost and reconnaissance duties are every-day occupations with troops in the field. Yet few will deny that all these minor operations are tactical in their nature. They are certainly not strategical. I should describe them as the tactical incidents of strategy that are not necessarily connected with the battle-field. Colonel Maurice describes with great clearness the changed conditions under which war is now waged from those under which it was made at the beginning of this century. In doing so he naturally dwells upon the danger which the employment of the huge armies of to-day now entails upon a commander-in-chief, through being forced without his consent into a battle at any moment, by the action of subordinate generals. In referring to the early phase of the 1870 war, that is, to the battles of Weissenburg, Wörth, Spicheren, Colombey-Nouilly, and of Mars-la-Tour, he says they were "brought on by the determination of subordinate leaders, and were not designed beforehand, either by the king's headquarters or by the headquarters of any one of the three armies" then in the field. The German army was invading France; it had taken the initiative, and of necessity had to accept the contingency of battle whenever and wherever it was offered. If the French were overtaken they were attacked at once, and when found in position the German general in command of the leading troops went straight for them with whatever troops he had at hand, knowing he would be supported from the rear by the arrival of fresh troops every hour, and that all columns whose commanders could hear the cannonade, would be straightway marched to his assistance. The Prussian headquarters in rear could not and did not exercise any effective control over the when or the where the battles I have named were fought. This policy, however, was successful everywhere in 1870. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the defeats in 1866, of Langensalza and of Trautenuau, we have no means of judging how the German training for war would enable their army to bear the strain of serious defeat. That a beaten army should be able to retreat in safety and attack again, almost immediately it must not only have reached the

highest perfection in battle-training, but it must have that species of pluck which enables the knocked down and severely punished pugilist to "come again, smiling, to the post."

Great confidence in the superiority of military training will cause troops to engage vastly superior forces in a retaining battle, such as that of Mars-la-Tour, but it is only an inherited haughtiness of descent that will enable a people to bear up against repeated defeats, month after month for several years, as the United States did in the Confederate war, with a dogged, fixed determination to fight on until victory crowned their efforts. It is, I believe, only men of the Anglo-Saxon race who would have persevered as the Northern States of America then did. The genius of a people — the outcome of race peculiarities — has great influence upon the conduct of a war, and still more upon its final result. Superiority in guns, rifles, and battle-training may for a period enable the inferior to lord over the superior race, but in the end blood will tell, and the people which possess as their inheritance the most stolid determination, joined to great power of body and soundness of health, must eventually win. Hence one of the greatest difficulties in the determination of all war problems. The race peculiarities which so seriously affect the individual soldier, the love of regiment, and the military spirit, which influence the military units into which they are distributed, the value of the battle-training imparted to every squad, the ability with which divisions, army corps, etc., are manipulated, all are important elements which combine to complicate the solution.

Surely there is no student of war who is not well versed in all the maxims of Napoleon. Many of them are nothing more nor less than generally accepted rules in strategy. Colonel Maurice falls foul of those who venture to assert that certain commanders won victories in violation of the "principles of war," and without doubt he is substantially correct. To illustrate his meaning he points out, with sound appreciation of those principles, how faulty the Prussian plan of invasion of Bohemia in 1866 would have been if the intrinsic military value of the two contending armies had been at all equal. The Prussians then invaded Bohemia with two distinct armies operating from two independent bases far removed one from the other, and communicating with one another only by telegraphs

through Berlin. I think it will be generally admitted that had the great Napoleon been in Marshal Benedik's place, the fate of the Prussians would have been that of Wurmser in 1796-7. But would Von Moltke have ventured upon such an operation if he had had a Napoleon as an antagonist? I think not. This is a striking instance where a great general knew when he could, and consequently ought, to disregard what is generally recognized as a commonly accepted rule of strategy. It should, however, be remembered that he disregarded it in accordance with a calculation based upon his knowledge of the enemy's position, of the genius of the leader opposed to him, and of the exact time it would take that leader to concentrate in the hopes of beating the Prussian armies in detail. I maintain, therefore, that in reality Von Moltke's plan was not only sound and safe, but in strict accordance with the greatest of all war principles, namely, to devise your plans in accordance with what you know to be your enemy's position, his intentions, his genius for war, and the moral and physical condition of his army. Von Moltke won because he attended to the first great axiom of war, that is to know everything about your enemy.

Whilst fully recognizing how greatly changed are the conditions under which wars are now conducted, it is, I think, the greatest folly to imagine that consequently we can learn nothing of importance from the history of past campaigns. A study of all military history is useful to the student of war, and there is no campaign whose story does not afford some lesson, some precept of value to-day.

Formerly we depended upon the perfect drilling of our men; henceforward it is upon the efficiency of battle-training and fire-discipline we shall have to rely. Unless our regiments be first-rate in both those points, we can no longer hope for victory, although they may be able to march past like a wall, and go through the most complicated barrack-yard evolutions with the utmost precision.

The new conditions of war require far more intelligence on the part of the officers and private soldiers to fit them for it than was formerly the case. In 1870 numerous mistakes in tactics and in troop-leading were made. So it will always be under present war conditions, where the individual action of each fighting man, of each small group in the firing line, means so much. The details upon which success depends must be in the hands of so many

that the possibilities and probabilities of error have been multiplied indefinitely.

Colonel Maurice pays a just tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, whose character malice so long sought to blacken, and upon whom failure entailed the ignorant verdict of military incapacity. The careful criticism of the military student has at length shown him to have been one of the few great commanders England has ever had, but it is only through the most graceful and pathetic of poems that his memory has been saved from the oblivion to which cruel English custom ruthlessly condemns the unsuccessful general. It is doubtful if the Duke of Wellington could have ever become the great man he was, had not the more brilliant Moore been sacrificed at Corunna through his belief in the lying promises of a lazy and ignorant ally. Belief in that same ally afterwards, nearly ruined Wellington and his army at Talavera.

In an article such as that now under review, it is difficult to convey to the non-military reader a just conception of war, because he has generally the very crudest notion of what an army in the field is like. The ordinary Englishman is apt to imagine that there is some close resemblance between an Aldershot field-day and a battle; that even the time-honored manoeuvres in Hyde Park have some counterpart in war. Colonel Maurice has, however, managed to give the general reader a very good notion of what cruel war is now really like. It has lost much of its pomp and glorious circumstance, and each new invention in the destructive power of guns and explosives makes it, alas! necessary to bury some old cherished custom, and to rob war of some of its romance. The brief description given of army transport and of lines of communication is so clear, that henceforward all the information which is really necessary for a just comprehension of the subject can be obtained without poring through military books, which are generally uninteresting to all but soldiers. An army is, now more than ever, like a boy's kite. In each case a long line extends backwards, which, if severed, brings starvation on the army, and brings the kite to the ground. In both instances, this long line is vulnerable. In the field, its protection alone often requires a small army. A slight shock anywhere along that long weak tail is felt in the very heart of the army itself, and one of the most effective strokes in war, is to cut this line of communication along which your enemy draws all his reinforce-

ments and supplies. A modern army is such a very complicated organism, that any interruption in the line of communication tends to break up and destroy its very life.

Even a well-carried-out threatened attack upon the base or line of communication often checks the advance of an enemy as effectually as a direct attack made upon the enemy's army itself. Your opponent must largely reduce his fighting force in front, in order to save his communications, and in so doing gives you a chance of meeting him with superior forces at some objective point, the possession of which may seriously influence the result of the war. This is a feint which, in many forms, is often attempted with a view to induce the enemy to weaken the point you have selected for attack. Against it you will then be able to bring your concentrated strength, an object which is one of the great aims of both strategy and tactics. A victory gained under those circumstances should be so overwhelming, that it should not only break up the military organization, but the very fighting spirit of your enemy. It should destroy the confidence which each individual soldier has in himself, and that mutual co-operation of all ranks and units which is the soul of a modern army, and which can alone hold it together. The reputation for skill and for success you thus acquire is a fresh incentive to your own men, and has a correspondingly depressing influence upon the spirits and confidence of your enemy.

Colonel Maurice combats the old and commonly accepted apothegm, that whilst the science of strategy is constant, and its teaching the same now as it was in the days of Hannibal, the art of tactics varies from age to age, being obliged to follow all changes in the arts of destruction. He contends that, as human progress improves and revolutionizes what he very aptly terms the "implements of strategy," that what I would call the guiding principles of strategy, and the rules deduced from them, change also. According to my notions, these changes may intensify or lessen the danger attendant upon the violation of those principles, and may alter the practice of strategy, but not its great elementary rules. The greatest of all these rules of war, one which applies equally to both strategy and tactics, is so to move and manipulate your army as to succeed in bringing the enemy to a decisive struggle where he is forced to fight your concentrated army with only scattered and disseminated forces. To fight

the enemy in detail with all your concentrated strength, is in fact the first great object at which strategy aims. If on the day of battle yours shall be much the stronger side, your strategy is good; and if your troops go into action in better condition, morally and physically — better fed and therefore stronger and more healthy, in better fettle, and therefore in greater confidence of victory — you have succeeded in winning a great strategical success even before the beginning of the battle, in which they will engage under the most satisfactory tactical conditions.

The new "implements" of strategy are railways, electric telegraphs, and telephones, steamships of all kinds and sizes, canals, improved and macadamized roads, all improved modes of conveyance, such as bicycles, tricycles, etc.; lastly, compressed food. As an illustration of how these implements now differ from those in use at the beginning of the century, think how different would have been Napoleon's position at Moscow at the head of a victorious army, if the railways and telegraphs which now connect that place with the Rhine frontier had existed in 1812. The military student will readily admit the difference there would have been under such circumstances in the result of the war. There would have been no disastrous retreat to furnish for all time texts for the moralist's themes, and picturesque incidents for the artist's pencil. The greatest of all men would by success have retained the fidelity of those allies who forsook him when he failed, and turned upon him with all their strength the following year.

I cannot entirely endorse the assertion, "that the weapons of strategy have changed since the Napoleonic era more completely than those of tactics." The great changes brought about by the use of railways and telegraphs are in the magnitude of the armies now used by all great military nations. But we can contemplate a condition of things that may lead again to the use of small armies, armed even more perfectly than soldiers are at present. Railways and telegraphs have not only introduced new complications into the service of strategy, but they enable the strategist in his plans and combinations to ignore distance, and arrange for the movements of armies in the heart of desert countries, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from their base of supply. The use of the electric telegraph in tactics has been apparent in many actions, and at Magenta the railway was used to good

tactical purposes. An army no longer crawls so much on its belly, as in the days when no roads, or only very few, existed. As a boy, when reading Cæsar's "Commentaries," I was always much struck with the careful manner in which he timed his invasions to the seasons, so as to be able to depend upon finding supplies in the selected theatre of war. When he went into winter quarters, he took care to provide for his wants the following year by sowing large quantities of corn. It is a puzzle to many young military students why Cæsar's armies, and even the armies of the eighteenth century, went into quarters every winter, and did nothing until the fine weather began again. Tactics have a far greater charm for the young than strategy, and few pause to dwell upon the difficulties which are always attendant upon feeding an army in the field, or of moving it in winter through a country where there are few or no roads. As boys, we delight in reading of how battles were won; how Marlborough charged with his cavalry at Blenheim, of how our storming party forced its way into Badajos. We seldom realize that before great macadamized roads and railways came into existence, troops could not move in winter, and were therefore forced idly to hibernate in quarters.

It is not easy to conceive how any science, any art, can be entirely without some general principles, and where there are recognized principles, there will most surely be rules also; they are the natural product or results of educated study applied to any group of general principles, and the principles which guide, and always have guided strategy, are no exception. War is a science, and as such has its principles, and rules deduced from those principles, quite as surely as every other science. If it were otherwise, why is it such a *sine quâ non* that a deep and minute study of the history of all great wars, especially of the most recent wars, is essential to the education of every staff-officer and of every general? Surely it is from such study we learn lessons, and those lessons we impress upon the memory by rules deduced from them, and thus formulated, I may say, from the written experience of others.

Whilst maintaining that there are rules which bear upon both the science and practice of war, as directly as the Ten Commandments may be said to bear upon the teaching and practice of morals, I am the first to admit that nothing can be more foolish than any attempt to deal with war

as one does with an exact science. Didactically to lay down precise formulæ for the guidance of a commander in the conduct of a war would be as absurd as it would be to do so for the artist in the construction of his picture. The painter knows that blue and yellow mixed together produce green; it is a rule he was taught by a master, or learnt from experience, just as all generals have learnt in a similar manner that, unless certain of success, to fight a general action with your back to an unfordable river is a most dangerous proceeding. Jomini tried to teach war as Euclid is taught, and since his days many have followed his example. But the so-called science of war is simply the shrewd application of common sense to a plan specially devised for the effective movement of one body of armed men upon another for the purpose of destroying it. In the whole so-called science of war, there is nothing more recondite, more complicated, more difficult of comprehension, than there is in the common sense which enables an able man to succeed in any form or phase of public life. But common sense has its axioms, and so has war its rules, which cannot be disregarded or ignored without serious danger. Those rules must be known, the mind should be trained in them, and filled with the examples to be gathered from the history of campaigns where the neglect and violation of these fundamental principles led to defeat, and the reasons why, in exceptional cases, victory was the result.

The deeply read pedant in war is always trying to make his plans and even the movements which require instantaneous decision, conform to what he has read others have done under similar circumstances. He rakes his mind for a precedent, or for a rule applicable to the exigency, and the result is delay, absence of initiation, and the failure which generally follows upon want of decision and common sense. All rules of war are merely deductions from the practice of war. It is no exact science, for the same results do not always follow upon the same proceedings or the same combination of circumstances. Apart altogether from the influence on any campaign which is exercised by the curiously uncertain working of the human mind, with all its contradictions and liability to change, we have to note the startling complications which the chance physical condition of earth, sea, and sky introduce into every military problem. That $(a+b) \times (a+b) = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$ is a fact to be easily proved. That iron

exposed to the air oxidizes, that iron filings acted upon by sulphuric acid generate hydrogen, are physical facts. But that an army occupying an extended position where one wing is widely separated from the other by some impassable or very difficult military obstacle must be beaten, is by no means true. Its commander, in taking up such a position, would have certainly violated a well-known military rule, and have given his opponent such an advantage, that under ordinary circumstances he ought to be beaten, but it is not a certainty. A hundred circumstances may combine to give victory to him who has disregarded, perhaps deliberately, a fundamental rule of his art. We always hear of the faults committed by those who fail; every military student will repeat to you glibly many pedantic reasons to explain why it was that Wurmsers, Benediks, Macmahons, and others were beaten. On the other hand, we are not given to be critical as to the plans and movements of those who win great victories, although a strict analysis of all the circumstances would prove, that in some instances they have been achieved in defiance of the commonly accepted theory of war, of the very ABC of its science. At chess we sometimes win through a serious error in play committed by our antagonist, or from a calculation as to what he will do, based upon our own appreciation of his character and of his usual mode of play in certain positions. Even in such a game, where every piece has its certain and constant value, the idiosyncrasies of the players have often much more to do with the conduct and result of the game, than all the rules ever learnt by any beginner. But how much more so is this the case in the game of war, where no piece has any constant value, where the pawn, man, is daily, hourly, acted upon by many influences physical and mental! The private soldier who is a noble hero to-day may be converted into the sneak and straggler of to-morrow. A bad pain in the stomach, an attack of diarrhæa, cold, hunger, thirst, or that wretchedness and misery which are the results of an army being dealt with as ours was by the Treasury in 1854, may take the whole heart and soul out of what had been a gallant band of soldiers. The best of armies may thus be rendered as limp as a party politician and as powerless as a steamship at sea with its shaft broken. On the other hand, some well-put and glowing appeal to the patriotism and military sentiment of even shoeless, half-starved soldiers, like that addressed

in 1796 by Napoleon to the army of Italy, may so inspire them with hope, energy, and confidence, as to render them invincible.

The longer a man has made war and the more he knows of its history from the earliest times until today, the more he must realize its uncertainties. The horse which starts at three to one on him, and is looked upon as a certainty, may put his foot in a hole near the finish, and be beaten by an inferior animal. The man who taught me billiards impressed upon me that I should never attempt any stroke upon the success of which I was not prepared to bet three to two. And so it is in war. Except when driven by unavoidable circumstances to accept battle, as Moore was compelled at Corunna, for instance, to fight for the honor of his army and of his nation, you should not willingly and on ordinary occasions give battle unless you feel that the odds are at least three to two in your favor. To eliminate all chances of failure from war is impossible. When you have done your best, have brought your army to the scratch under the most favorable conditions of time and place, the men and horses well fed, all ranks inspired with a feeling of absolute confidence in the result, you will still in your heart, if you know war well, realize how uncertain is the game after all. When about to engage you may have the utmost confidence in yourself and in the daring valor and battle-training of your men, but in your heart you will acknowledge to yourself that, after all, the result must rest with the God of battles. The smooth stone from the brook may again destroy the giant and disconcert his confident army. A sheeplike panic may at any moment ruin the most ably conceived plan of attack, and put an end to the most reasonably formed anticipation of victory. It is this which makes the practice of war so difficult, although its theory, that is, the axioms, rules, and principles of its science, are so easily acquired.

Although it is quite certain that no amount of book-learning can ever make a general, that the instinct of war must be natural to you as the love of sport, of art, or of music, yet it is as certain that, in these days especially, it is almost impossible for any man to become a great commander who has not deeply studied the history of all recent campaigns, minutely criticised every movement in each game, and entirely taken in and learnt the reasons which led to them. It is after such a study that men make rules for them-

selves, as we all do for our guidance in small private matters of every-day occurrence.

The old school of English officers were apt to deride book-learning, and to scoff at students of war, and damn them as mere "bookworms." That Napoleon had advised his officers to read and re-read the campaigns of the great men who had gone before, made little impression upon the sturdy old British general, who was quite content to go straight for his enemy, and always ready to do so, whenever or wherever that enemy was to be found. Even now one often hears complaints that we insist upon men being able to pass the very simple and ordinary examinations for promotion which are prescribed by our regulations. We don't want all our regimental officers to be qualified for the position of general, but of this I am certain, that the more officers there are in the firing line in the day of battle who have thoroughly studied and mastered the art of tactics, and who have a fair conception of the aims and objects of strategy, the better it will be for the nation, far the better will, indeed, be our chances of victory. That the necessity for book-learning in war was at one time fully recognized is evident from the writings of the Duke of Albemarle — the father of the present English army — which are now on my table. He is entitled to speak on such a subject, for on Cromwell's death he was in command of the finest army in every respect that England, or I suppose, indeed, any nation has ever owned. The heading of the last chapter of his book runs thus: "*That Reading and Discourse are requisite to make a Soldier perfect in the Art Military, how great soever his knowledge may be, which long experience and much practice of Arms hath gained.*"

In this article on war the reader is impressed with the necessity of adopting some sort of group system for fighting. All other nations have done so, and most of our thinking officers are strongly in favor of it. A very good plan for the formation of groups of eight men has been for some years back urged upon us by Colonel Macdonald, the late lord-advocate of Scotland. He is now a judge, but I am glad to say he continues to act brigadier-general in command of the Edinburgh Volunteer Brigade. Many, like myself, have long looked upon him as far ahead of army officers in the matter of modern drill. His system of drill, which allows each man ample room to use his limbs and to shoot with ease to himself, and his

mode of fighting in groups are both very similar to the present practice of the great Continental armies. Colonel Maurice quotes largely from our volunteer brigadier-general, and I would strongly urge all those who are not, through ignorance of war, hopelessly wedded to old ideas, to read with an open mind, "Common Sense on Parade, or Drill without Stays," by Colonel the Right Honorable J. H. MacDonald, C.B.

On this subject Colonel Maurice writes :

Now this one thing is certain, that whereas the great fighting formation of the past for British infantry was the line, that formation can be used no longer in actual fighting against troops armed with modern weapons, unless exceptionally in purely defensive positions, where its trained cohesion is in any case easy.

Search the stories of the battles fought in 1870, and you will find that the fighting line always consisted of a series of groups of men of varying strength. Is it not idle to ignore this fact? Is it wise not to frame your system of drill to meet it? Men begin to ask themselves, "Why, therefore, retain all these stiff line formations in our drill-book?"

Our drill must be adapted to deliver such groups as methodically and regularly as possible within the zone of fighting.

Further on Colonel Maurice says :—

The one point that must be thoroughly realized is that the firearm of the present day has become the determining weapon, for the development of the efficiency of which all tactics must prepare the way.

There is one point on which we have every reason, in my opinion, to congratulate ourselves, and that is the smallness of our companies. Most foreign armies have very strong companies of about two hundred and fifty of all ranks, whilst ours are just half that size. The Germans adopted these big units not from tactical but from economical reasons. In fact, it is very doubtful if their country could supply them with the number of officers they would require under our system of small companies. These strong companies were created in Prussia long before the present development of tactics, and the Germans have had to make their fighting formation fit into a battalion organization that was not invented to meet any tactical want at all. To me it is quite certain that the tactics of to-day accord far better with a system of small than of very large companies. Our company unit of about one hundred men is far more

easily commanded, and its fire more effectively controlled and usefully directed, than can be done with the overgrown German company. The English captain's command in action is far more handy, can be more easily provided with shelter, or effectively introduced anywhere into the fighting line, than the sort of small battalion which the German company of to-day resembles. If it were not for economical reasons, I should not be sorry to see the war strength of our companies made even smaller than at present.

Colonel Maurice addresses to us the following home truths, which I earnestly hope may bear fruit :—

There is a dread of change when change is required, because officers and men have come to look upon the great traditions of the past as sacred. We must frankly face the fact that the character of battles having changed, we must work back from the conditions of our present battle-fields to the peace-forms which will prepare our soldiers for them.

If this be true, and I believe it to be so absolutely, the time has come when we should carefully review every regulation, every point, that bears upon the training of our soldiers in the art of actual fighting. Let us search out what a battle is now really like. We are too apt to take our views of it from Crimean experiences, or from Aldershot field-days. We have long had stereotyped views on this subject, and have apparently striven to force war, as it were, to conform to our splashy mode of imitating it during peace manœuvres. We must now reverse the process, and having informed ourselves thoroughly as to what actually takes place in battle, let us work back, and frame our drill and battle-training so that it may fit the soldier for what he must do to win in that awful hour. It behoves us to see that the soldier's clothing and equipment are best suited for the work he will then have in hand; and we must, if necessary, in ruthless defiance of all tradition and of what our former views on the subject may have been, remodel the soldier's garments until we have made them as suitable for battle work, as are the costumes we wear in private life for the sports for which they are intended. Due regard for the soldier's life, for the nation's honor, makes this an imperative duty.

The battles of the future will be very different from even those of 1870, and will bear very little resemblance to those of Crimean times. One remarkable change will be the absence of nearly all that ter-

rific noise which the discharge of five or six hundred field-guns, and the roar of musketry caused in all great battles. We shall have practically no smoke to mark the position of the enemy's batteries and troops in action. The sound of cannon will be slight, and will no longer indicate to distant troops where their comrades are engaged or the point upon which they should consequently march. Our sentries and advanced posts can no longer alarm the main body upon the approach of the enemy by the discharge of their rifles. The camp or bivouac will no longer be disturbed at night by the spluttering fire of picquets in contact with the enemy. Different arrangements for giving the alarm upon the approach of hostile columns will have to be resorted to. The main column on the march cannot in future be warned, by the shots of flanking parties, of the enemy's proximity, and a battle might possibly be raging within a few miles of it, without that fact becoming at once apparent.

Most of the important mechanical inventions, most of the great discoveries in science, have some direct influence upon the manufacture and use of the arms, ammunition, and equipment, of the soldier. Woe to the nation that does not make her tactics conform to the arms of the day, and to the varying conditions under which war is made and battles fought and won. Wellington won great battles, because, being a thoroughly practical soldier, well read in war science and of great experience on the battle-field, he had adopted a system of drill and tactics not only thoroughly in accord with the arms he had to employ, and the conditions under which contending armies then met in battle, but in at least one great respect, far ahead of the tactical formations used by all other nations. I refer to his use of the "thin red line."

Are we certain that we now alter our system of battle-training according as those conditions vary? Let the man of war experience, whose mind is thoroughly saturated with the history of what took place in the great struggles between Frank and Teuton in 1870, visit Aldershot, and then tell the nation whether he is or is not satisfied with what he sees there. Our army is beautifully drilled, but it seems to be dawning upon us that our drill still retains much that was invented by Frederick the Great, and subsequently modified by Sir John Moore to suit the different conditions under which men fought in his days, from those of

fifty years before. The mathematically straight lines and rigid columns, with all their mechanical wheels and elaborate changes of front, in fact, all that we still term "brigade drill," with its obsolete exactness and dressing upon points, meant a great deal a century ago, but have they any relation to a soldier's battle duties in the present epoch? Are they, as some believe, as useless and objectless now, as would be the hand-grenade drill, or the management and handling of the pike, to which our ancestors attached so much importance in the reigns of the Stuarts? The soldier to be of real use in war has now so much to learn that the Germans have ruthlessly wiped out from their military training all the showy and theatrical movements in which some generals still take delight, and by the accurate performance of which they are still prone to estimate the military efficiency of regiments. There are some even who think that you might quite as usefully teach our soldiers to dance, and as justly estimate their battle value by the exactitude with which they performed the sailor's hornpipe.

Modesty forbids me to say how much superior I know the "turn out" of our cavalry, infantry, and artillery to be to that of all other nations. But although this smartness of appearance may please the eye in Hyde Park, will it in the least degree help towards success in battle? In other armies, the attention which we pay to burnishing our steel chains and polishing our brass buttons, is riveted on efficient battle-training, and the care and energy of their officers are devoted to its teaching. Which is right on this point, the German army or our army? The question is an important one. Many think that our drill is meant to prepare the British army for a "battle experience of the past."

Colonel Maurice, in the earlier part of his article, thus shows how this "battle experience of the past" has ceased to be applicable to our present conditions of war:—

Now the capacity to act together under the orders of one man can never be dispensed with under any of the conditions of modern war. The instinctive obedience of a rank of soldiers to the order to turn "Right about," when that order sends them back into the ground where shells are bursting and where bullets are raining, has been a power in fighting too great for us ever willingly to throw it away. Some humorous illustrations of its effect on soldiers, and of the victory-winning power which an even apparently unintelligent submission to this authority of instinct has

given, more especially to English soldiers, are mentioned in the article "Army" (vol. ii., p. 589). In proportion as men understand war they value this effect, and would be unwilling even to diminish at a given moment actual loss of life if that diminution were secured by any sacrifice of this power. An old English battalion trained to the absolute perfection of such mechanical obedience was a splendid fighting instrument. No training, however perfect, to take advantage of ground, to seek cover, to glide on to the weak points of an enemy, will compensate, even in these days, a deficiency in that habit of utter self-abnegation, of entire subordination to the one purpose of united action under assigned orders. But, under the modern conditions of war, the loss inflicted within a given time by the terrible weapons now in the hands of all armies is so great that the very formations under which on a parade-ground the armies of the past prepared to move in actual fighting under the orders of their commanders, are mechanically as much as morally dissolved. Not even can the voice of the captain or the subaltern be heard, much less that of the lieutenant-colonel, above the din of breechloaders and of shrapnel shells. It is not therefore with a light heart, not willingly, not as thinking that a dispersed order of fight is something in itself more powerful or more advantageous than a rigid formation in which ordered and orderly movement is easy, in which force can be concentrated, in which the habits of discipline can be more certainly maintained, but of dire necessity, that the most experienced soldiers of our day have come to the absolute conviction that only by preparing armies for fighting in dispersed order can discipline be maintained at all. The great problem of modern tactics, in so far as it concerns actual fighting, which regulates everything else, is how to maintain the old unity under the new conditions which make it so difficult.

And afterwards, when he has expressed his admiration for the practical way in which our forefathers applied their training to the practical conditions of their time, and has shown how a long peace tended to stereotype the forms they adopted, he continues thus, in words to which I am anxious to direct special attention :

Men talk about the practice of forms in which their life is spent as "practical work." They look upon all experience gathered from the fields where shells actually burst, and where infantry firearms are used to kill, as "theoretical." The truth is exactly the opposite. Such merit as the older drill at present has is due to certain theoretical considerations which were at one time soundly deduced from practice in the past. The only practical work is that which tends to prepare men, not for the inspection of some general on a parade-ground, but for actual war. An army is doing "practical" work in the preparation for its

real duty — that of winning battles. *It is employed on mischievous theoretical work, on false theory, whenever it is doing anything else.**

I earnestly trust that all our officers, from the highest to the lowest, will take this wise admonition seriously to heart. If we refuse to do so, if we blindly insist upon preparing for a past condition of war which can never be reproduced, our army will most certainly be found wanting on the day of trial, that is, of battle with any European enemy.

* The italics are mine.

From Belgravia.

MR. CALVERT'S FRAILTY.

CHAPTER I.

THE attention which Mr. Calvert paid to Mary Faber when he met her at Eastbourne was to a certain extent excusable ; because, though nothing had resulted from their acquaintance except a flirtation, his intentions had originally been of a serious kind. It was only after he had pondered over the question often and anxiously, that he had come to the conclusion that marriage was impossible. He had no private means, and if he relinquished his fellowship, his income derived from tuition would not suffice to maintain a wife in comfort. It is true that, by devoting more time to lecturing and private pupils, he might materially have increased his earnings, but Mr. Calvert had scarcely contemplated this step, as he could not give up those studies which now occupied his leisure, and which were to crown his brilliant scholarship. If the young lady had only had a little money of her own all would have been right ; but Colonel Faber, who wore his heart upon his sleeve, and was too honest for this world, as soon as he noticed Mr. Calvert's partiality for his daughter, contrived to let him know that she would have no dowry.

So, after having been inmates of the same boarding establishment for several weeks, they bade each other farewell. The parting seemed commonplace enough, yet Mr. Calvert felt much dejected, and there was a slight tremor in the girl's voice as she said good-bye.

Mary Faber could scarcely be called pretty, but she had a bright, sympathetic expression, which was very attractive. She was twenty, but being rather small she looked a year younger. She was very

intelligent, and but for a somewhat school-girlish manner might have been termed intellectual.

Mr. Calvert on leaving Eastbourne had resolved to forget her, but he did not find this process so easy as he had supposed. Many a time that winter, even in the midst of his studies, the last tremulous accents of her voice recurred to the scholar, and filled him with self-upbraidings; and sometimes, in moments of loneliness or dejection, his thoughts were brightened by the memory of her tender eyes.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG the means of emolument open to the young fellow of Merton was work as an examiner. He was one of the moderators in the Honour School, and had recently been appointed classical examiner at St. Margaret's College, Manchester. This institution had just been founded by the munificent donations of the merchants and manufacturers of Lancashire, for the higher education of women. It was at the end of the first academical year that Mr. Calvert was to enter upon his duties, and for this purpose he left Oxford for the north one day in the beginning of May. It was only in Latin that he was to examine the students of St. Margaret's, as the directors had only been feeling their way the first year, and had not included Greek in the curriculum, although it figured conspicuously in the prospectus which had been issued for the following year.

Mr. Calvert was glad that the examination was to be conducted by paper work only, and that there was no *viva voce*, as he would have shrunk from testing separately a hundred young ladies in classical lore.

On the evening of his arrival in Manchester, Mr. Calvert was seated in a private room of the chief hotel in the suburb where St. Margaret's was situated. He had dined, and was just about to begin some important writing, on account of which he had secured his retirement. He had scarcely put pen to paper, however, ere he was interrupted. A servant entered to tell him that a lady had called, who wished to see him if he were disengaged.

"There must be a mistake," said Mr. Calvert with some impatience; "I am not the person she desires."

"She is a young lady, sir," said the man in a smooth tone.

"Then that settles the question," responded Mr. Calvert energetically, "as I know no young ladies here; and there is

no young lady, whom I know, who would call on me at an hotel."

"I am sorry I have made a mistake, sir," replied the man, although he felt confident that he had made no mistake. But as he had supposed that the young lady had called by appointment, he had omitted to ask for her name, and he went off for that purpose. Presently he returned bearing a small tray. At this second interruption Mr. Calvert was about to utter an angry exclamation, when the servant said, —

"The lady has sent her card, sir, and would like if possible to see you alone."

Mr. Calvert's brow contracted, and his lips tightened as he took the card; but on glancing at it his features suddenly relaxed, becoming first red and then pale. He rose and placed one of his hands on the back of a chair, as though he needed some support.

"Shall I show the lady up, sir?" asked the man confidently.

Mr. Calvert gave assent in a scarcely audible voice, and remained motionless, as though in a dream, while he read again and again the name —

MISS MARY FABER.

While he stood lost in wonder, suddenly he became conscious of a presence that thrilled him, and looking up he saw a girl entering the room. He knew it was Mary, and advancing mechanically he took her hand, but owing to her dress he almost failed to recognize her at first. She had a very schoolgirlish appearance. She had on a thick jacket, which seemed to lessen her height; and an old-fashioned Quaker-like bonnet, instead of making her look older, had an opposite effect. She was blushing painfully, and was evidently nervous and excited.

"Miss Faber!" exclaimed Mr. Calvert in a tone that expressed his astonishment, "I am very pleased to see you. Is there anything I am able to do for you?"

"Oh yes, a great deal," was the quickly spoken reply.

"Pray sit down, Miss Faber."

"Oh no," replied the girl, "I mustn't stay; and I do hope you'll forgive me for coming, as I know that what I am doing, and am going to ask you, is wrong, dreadfully wrong. Nothing, believe me, Mr. Calvert, but necessity would have brought me here. I can't explain everything; but if you only knew — Will you please help me?"

"If it lies in my power to benefit you

in any way, you may rely on my assistance."

"You promise?" Since she had entered the room, the old tender expression that had haunted Mr. Calvert so often during the winter had come into her eyes, and now at his kindly spoken words they were filled with tears. As he looked at her he fervently hoped that he should be able to do her the service which she had come to seek.

"I promise," he answered emphatically; "I shall aid you in whatever way lies in my power."

"Then," rejoined Mary eagerly, "I wish you to *pass* me."

"To do what?" asked Mr. Calvert in considerable bewilderment.

"To pass me," repeated the girl, and then she quickly proceeded to explain: "I am a student at St. Margaret's, and have known for some time that you were to examine in Latin. It is the only subject of which I am afraid, as I have not been studying it so long as the other subjects, and much depends on my getting through in all. So, having accidentally heard to-night where you were staying, it suddenly occurred to me to come to you and ask this favor."

Mr. Calvert remained for some time gazing at her in astonishment. It took him a little while rightly to comprehend her meaning. At length he said, —

"Is it possible that you fully realize the nature of the request you are making?"

"I know it is very wrong," acknowledged Mary, "but so much depends — Then, Mr. Calvert, you know you have promised," she added quickly, in an agitated tone.

"I will not break my word to you, but shall do as you request," said Mr. Calvert in a constrained voice.

"Thank you so much," and ere he had time to say anything more she had bidden him good-bye, touched his hand, and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN he found himself again alone Mr. Calvert sat down to collect his thoughts, which were slightly confused by the unexpected events which had just occurred. The suddenness and strangeness of the interview would of themselves have been sufficient to disconcert Mr. Calvert, but it was the nature of the promise he had made which was disturbing him most.

When the first stage of his bewilderment had passed by, it would be hard to

say whether he was more surprised at Miss Faber for having made the request, or at himself for having granted it. Although reflection did not place his promise in a more favorable light, he did not purpose to retract it. He was conscious of having formerly treated Miss Faber with a want of candor, and he was determined not again to give her cause to doubt his faith.

It is true that he was now contemplating the deliberate neglect of his duties as examiner; yet he did not consider his conduct by any means so culpable as it might have been in certain other circumstances — in the schools at Oxford, for example, had any partiality been possible there. To give a member of an institution for young ladies a certificate of proficiency in the Latin language was, Mr. Calvert told himself, a very different thing from favoring a young man at a university examination, and, to do him justice, he would have been incapable of displaying any unfairness at an Oxford competition. In the present case, notwithstanding his casuistry, he was severe enough in his self-condemnation. He had fallen greatly in his own esteem; but the sense of his own delinquency was trivial compared with the pain he felt on account of Mary Faber's perverted notions of rectitude. When he had first seen her that night, her quaint dress, troubled looks, and supplicating voice had all touched his heart, and it seemed as though his love, which for a while had been latent, had suddenly grown stronger than ever. But seeing that her sense of honor was so weak, he told himself that she could never be anything more to him, even if circumstances which were now adverse to their union, were unexpectedly to become favorable. It was with a sinking heart that Mr. Calvert told himself that he could never respect or trust one who had contrived a deception, and had incited him to become the partner of her guilt. When he had fulfilled his promise he resolved to forget her.

Next day Mr. Calvert entered upon his duties as examiner at St. Margaret's. There were nearly a hundred candidates who took up Latin. He put the written papers which were handed to him in a bag, and returned with them to Oxford. The first papers to be opened by him were those which bore the name "Mary Faber." The very sight of the neat handwriting was sufficient to send a thrill through the heart of the examiner. He did not need to read much in order to see that she had

done very badly, so he decided not to torture his conscience further, and without reading any more he placed to her credit the minimum number of marks necessary for passing. He then tied up Mary's papers carefully, and having laid them in his desk, he proceeded to discharge his duties to the best of his ability.

About a week after he had sent in his reports he received a printed list containing the names of those candidates who had passed in not less than five subjects, and who were, therefore, entitled to honors. He scanned the list eagerly, because, notwithstanding Mary's ignorance of Latin, he remembered how clever and well-read she was, and thought it not impossible that he should see her name. He began about the middle of the list and read downwards, but he did not find that which he sought. It was almost with a feeling of satisfaction that he noted the absence of her name, as he was thus relieved from the self-reproach of having aided her unfairly to attain a place of distinction. When he reached the end of the list, Mr. Calvert began to read upwards from the point at which he had started. At last, when he reached the top, he breathed a sigh of relief; but this was quickly followed by a startled exclamation of surprise and consternation, for there, standing apart from the others, was the name of Mary Faber as the first student of her year, and the winner of the Brackenbury scholarship of a hundred guineas, which had been presented to St. Margaret's by a well-known manufacturer. Then Mr. Calvert read in the remarks appended to the list that the student who had gained the valuable prize, though she had barely succeeded to pass in Latin, had been first in mathematics, first in English, first in French, and third in German.

Mr. Calvert's hand trembled slightly as he laid down the paper, and his pale face wore an expression of pain. He was harassed by conflicting emotions, as love and his admiration of the girl's talents alternated with detestation of the deceit in which he had shared. In any circumstances, he told himself, it was bad enough to have given her an undeserved certificate of proficiency; but to have enabled her unfairly to carry off this valuable prize from the other competitors seemed almost like felony, even though he had unwittingly brought about this grave result.

If he had trifled with Miss Faber's affections when he met her at Eastbourne, the remorse he was now enduring was almost sufficient punishment. If he could

have acknowledged his own fault, without betraying her confidence, he would have done so; but this was impossible. So it only remained for him to forget her, and to avoid in the future any conduct which might produce such regrettable consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

It was chiefly owing to the solicitations of his friends that Mr. Calvert a few months later became a candidate for the headmastership of the great public school of Canonbury. Mr. Calvert had been educated at Canonbury, where he was the first of his year, and subsequently by his brilliant career at Oxford he had conferred additional renown upon the old school. He was also known to be a skilful teacher, and to possess rare powers of organization. All this was of course to his advantage; but, on the other hand, his youthfulness seemed to militate against his chances of success. Many, however, who were well qualified to judge, believed that he would be the successful candidate, as it was understood that the electors were anxious, if possible, to appoint a young man who would devote the best years of his life to the work, and who, having a proper sense of the widening scope of modern studies, would be free from old-fashioned prejudices.

The master of Joseph's College, Oxford, was in virtue of his office one of the governors of Canonbury School. When, therefore, Mr. Calvert one morning received a note requesting him to call on this elector, he knew that he must be one of those whose appointment was being contemplated, and that the master of Joseph's had been deputed to ascertain his views on certain points, or to obtain some pledge from him regarding his policy should the choice fall upon him.

Nor was Mr. Calvert mistaken. After a few commonplace observations, the master of Joseph's said to him, —

"In becoming a candidate for the headmastership of Canonbury, you were doubtless unaware that in two important particulars you are really ineligible."

"I was certainly not aware of the fact," replied Mr. Calvert, supposing that his age must certainly be one of the objections found to him.

"You are not in orders," said the master, "and it is necessary that the head-master of Canonbury should be a clergyman. It is true that there is no statutory regulation to this effect; but the head-masters have hitherto invariably been in orders, and the

electors decline to form a new precedent by appointing a layman."

"For some time I have intended to enter the Church; and I certainly could not conceive of Canonbury having a head-master who was not in orders."

"Very good," replied the master blandly. "One of the objections of which I spoke is therefore removed." The master gazed into the fire for a little in silence, in an abstracted manner which he had. At length he said, —

"I did not suppose the objections were insurmountable," and he gazed into the fire again in a tantalizing way.

"The electors are of opinion," he continued after a little, "that the head-master of Canonbury should be a married man. He has the domestic care of a number of boys, who reside in his house; he must entertain the masters, and in some cases the parents or guardians of the pupils; and these things he cannot do satisfactorily unless he has a wife. What is your opinion on this point, Mr. Calvert?"

It was not so easy as before for the fellow of Merton to give a reply; and ere he spoke a half-stifled sigh escaped him. The master seemed to have no wish to hurry him, and was looking placidly into the fire. From his apparent apathy it seemed almost as if some other matter were now occupying the attention of the venerable head of Joseph's. He prided himself on his skill in the discernment of character and in his knowledge of human nature, and perhaps he had anticipated Mr. Calvert's reply.

"Do I understand you to say," asked Mr. Calvert at length, "that only a man who is married can be appointed?"

"We would not regard as ineligible one who was about to enter the state of matrimony at an early date," was the significant answer.

The master continued to look calmly in the fire, but Mr. Calvert was breathing quickly, and in his breast there raged a tempest of emotion.

"I think," he said at length, "that the electors are right, as there is no doubt that the head-master would discharge his duties better if he were married."

On hearing this the master rose, and extended his hand to bid his visitor good-morning.

"I shall communicate your opinions to the other electors," he said.

It would have been difficult for a thought-reader to discern any gradations of feeling from the touch of the plump hand of the master of Joseph's, but unless Mr. Calvert

was mistaken, when he bade the master good-bye he could plainly feel a slight pressure of congratulation.

A few days later it was announced that Mr. Calvert had been appointed head-master of Canonbury.

Rarely, if ever, before had so great a prize in scholarship fallen to so young a man. An income of several thousands a year was attached to the post, which in numerous instances had led directly to a bishopric. But, amid the congratulations that were showered upon him by his friends, Mr. Calvert was far from being happy. He was aware, though he had given no direct pledge, that he had received the appointment subject to the condition of his marrying. He had indeed attained to honor and riches, but the good things of the world seemed to have now fallen in value. In certain circumstances how different his feelings would have been!

He blamed himself for not speaking to Miss Faber according to the dictates of his heart ere they parted at Eastbourne. It was true that he did not then possess the means of marrying, but a little reflection would have taught him, not indeed to expect the brilliant fortune that had befallen him, but to understand that his circumstances must ere long change for the better. Under his guidance he felt sure she would have been incapable of any serious fault. But marriage with Mary Faber was now out of the question. It was impossible that he could enter upon his great responsibilities — which Mr. Calvert was earnestly hoping he might be enabled faithfully to discharge — united to one who, failing in her own sense of honor, had prevailed upon him to perform an act which he must ever regret. The only course which now seemed open to him was to seek some lady whose attainments and disposition fitted her to be his companion, and to aid him with her sympathy. More he would not ask from her, and could not give, as he felt that he was doomed to a loveless life.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CALVERT'S only sister was wife of the rector of Spindleton. This lady was considerably older than her brother, and took a matronly interest in him. When, therefore, he confided to her the fact that he was anxious to marry before entering upon his new duties, his sister determined to do her best to aid him in procuring a suitable wife. Neither to his sister nor to any one else did Mr. Calvert communicate

the fact that his matrimonial projects were not altogether voluntary.

In mentally reviewing the young ladies of her acquaintance the rector's wife was not long in making her selection. Ladies bent on match-making do generally form their decisions with promptitude. It had already been arranged that Mr. Calvert was to come on a short visit to the rectory, and as he was expected soon, his sister resolved to take no active steps in furtherance of her plans till after his arrival.

During the evening on which he came she made no allusion to the matter which was occupying so much of her thoughts; but on the following day she told him that she knew of a lady who could not fail to make him an excellent wife. She added for his information that the young lady in question belonged to a good family, but that her father had been unfortunate in money matters, and was now wholly dependent on his daughter, who was one of the chief mistresses in the local High School for Girls.

This description did not sound very promising to Mr. Calvert, whose face as he listened assumed a doubtful expression, which was not dispelled even when his sister exclaimed enthusiastically that the young lady in question was a dear, sweet, unselfish girl, who could not fail to make a devoted wife, while her accomplishments left nothing to be desired. Finally, his sister informed Mr. Calvert that she had invited the young lady and her father to dinner that evening in order to meet him.

On hearing this intelligence Mr. Calvert sighed somewhat wearily, and began to think that he had made a mistake in supposing that his sister could aid him in carrying out his matrimonial projects.

In the evening the two guests arrived before Mr. Calvert had quite finished dressing, and as he entered the drawing-room he heard a gentleman talking whose voice seemed familiar to him, though he could not remember to whom it belonged. He did not remain long in doubt, as on passing a screen that at first had obscured his view, he saw to his astonishment Colonel Faber standing talking to the rector, while seated on a couch by his sister's side was Mary, looking in a plain white dress more attractive than ever.

The hostess was genuinely surprised to find that her guests were acquainted with her brother, and as she looked keenly at Mary Faber, while her brother was taking the young lady's hand, a beam of honest

pleasure passed over the matronly features of the rector's wife.

At dinner Colonel Faber, with his usual ingenuousness, told Mr. Calvert that shortly after he had met him he had been persuaded to embark his small capital in trade, and had soon lost all he had. The colonel added, not without a touch of pride, that he was now solely dependent on his little girl, who was able to earn a good income; and he told Mr. Calvert that if he could find time to call at their little cottage, it would give him much pleasure to see him there.

During dinner only a few commonplace observations passed between Mary Faber and Mr. Calvert. He did not smoke, and while the rector and colonel were enjoying a cigar in the library after dinner, he joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Very soon afterwards he found himself alone with Miss Faber.

"It was a pleasant surprise for me," said Mr. Calvert, "to meet you here to-night. Although I knew my sister expected a lady to dinner, I had no idea she would prove to be you."

"And as I had never heard her maiden name, when she told me I should meet her brother to-night, of course I had not any expectation of seeing you."

Mr. Calvert might be said to possess a dual nature, as in some respects he was very natural and human in his thoughts, feelings, and actions, but occasionally he became formal and pedantic. The one side of Mr. Calvert's character had been revealed by his flirtation with Miss Faber at Eastbourne, and the other side was manifested in the terribly severe view which he had taken of poor Mary's fault. His manner and tone were altogether scholastic now, as he said, —

"It was under very different circumstances, Miss Faber, that you and I last met."

The girl's face crimsoned, her eyes fell, and her quicker breathing also betrayed her emotion. Presently, however, she looked up at Mr. Calvert with a steadfast, though timid glance, and said in an eager tone, —

"I cannot tell you how often I have wished that this opportunity might come, when I should be able to explain my motives for doing what you must have considered both strange and blameworthy. It was just at the time when father met with his misfortunes, and he seemed so broken down and dispirited that I felt he must for the future be dependent on my exertions. I knew that if I took a high

place at the college examination I should have no difficulty in obtaining a good situation. And, on the other hand, if I failed, I knew how difficult my struggle would be. With the exception of Latin I had no fear for any of the other subjects, as I had always done well in them in our classes; but by the regulations then in force it was necessary to pass in Latin, in order to obtain a place on the honor list. Hence the fears that distracted me; and when I came to you that night, Mr. Calvert, to ask your aid, I was acting thoughtlessly, without deliberation, urged by a sudden impulse which was prompted by the dread of my father's destitution."

While he listened, Mr. Calvert's expression had grown softer; it was the natural element in him that was being manifested now. After a brief pause Mary began again, speaking quickly, —

"No sooner had I returned home than I began to understand how foolish and wicked the request was that I had made to you. When on pondering over the matter I became aware of the full significance of my dishonest petition, I was heartily ashamed of myself. Of course I knew then that you would never do what I had asked —"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Calvert in a startled voice.

"I knew," continued Mary, with a look and tone of candor, "that although you had said you would do as I wished, in order to humor me — or perhaps to get rid of me — you would not fail in your duty as examiner, but would act with perfect impartiality. I was convinced that you were too honorable to be influenced in the very least by what I had said. And had I thought otherwise then, when I had recovered from my excitement, I assure you, Mr. Calvert, that I would have returned, and would have implored you to forget every thoughtless word I had spoken."

"I wish you had!" exclaimed Mr. Calvert.

"I thought it needless; but I hoped that sooner or later I might have this opportunity of making an explanation and apology."

"Unfortunately it is too late."

"Why?" asked the young lady in a tone of suspense; for she could tell by Mr. Calvert's look that something serious was troubling him.

"Because," was his reply, "I kept my promise to you, and assigned to you the requisite number of marks *undeservedly*."

"Oh, Mr. Calvert, how could you?"

"It is rather superfluous to ask me that

question, seeing that you obtained from me a binding promise."

Miss Faber looked at him in consternation, but though her lips were parted as if to speak, no sound came from them.

"It is a most unfortunate circumstance," Mr. Calvert said after a pause.

"It is simply dreadful," was her rejoinder, "for I am nothing better than an impostor. I obtained the scholarship wrongfully, and I was appointed to my situation by the same unfair means."

In his agitation Mr. Calvert had risen and was pacing up and down.

"It is bad; very bad," he observed after a little, as if in soliloquy.

At this moment the rector and colonel entered the room, so that the conference was stopped. A few seconds later the hostess also came into the room, and engaged in conversation with Mary till the colonel said they must go, which was soon afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

ON returning to his room, Mr. Calvert sat down to ponder over the events of the evening. He had never before been so convinced of the fact that he loved Mary Faber, but he felt as confident as ever that he ought not to ask her to be his wife.

He had given up his rooms in Merton, and most of his belongings had been sent to his future residence; but he had with him, in addition to his usual travelling luggage, a small box which contained some books and papers. Among these were the papers which Mary Faber had handed in at the examination, and which had lain undisturbed ever since the time when he had tied them up after glancing at them and seeing how bad they were. He remembered noticing them when he was packing the box, and he now felt prompted by a sudden desire to read them through, and so discover the extent to which he had been culpable. He forthwith unlocked the box, and taking out the little roll, he placed his candle in a convenient position on his dressing-table, and sat down to read Mary's papers. Soon his brow contracted, for the errors were numerous, and the conviction was forced upon him that she had failed badly. But as he went on, his expression gradually became less gloomy, till at last the cloud almost passed from his face. The mistakes had become less frequent, and it was clear that at first the writer had been nervous and excited. Still the papers were far from being good, and when he reached

the end Mr. Calvert was in some doubt whether, according to the standard that had been fixed for the examination, she would have passed or not. In some excitement he took a pencil and began to read again, assigning the just marks as he went on. Then, breathing quickly, he added up the results, and found that she had actually passed, though only by a few marks. He gave a sigh of relief, and with a radiant look he laid the papers down. The consciousness that after all no injustice had been done gave him a feeling of intense satisfaction. There was naturally a reaction from his former unhappiness, and he was greatly elated. He was now ready to excuse Mary entirely for her indiscreet conduct, which he knew was due solely to her anxiety about her father, as she had said. Then, poor girl, she had actually held a better opinion about himself than he deserved, believing him incapable of failing in the discharge of duty. "God bless her!" ejaculated Mr. Calvert.

How quickly time had passed while he sat pondering over the past and the future! It was only a little after ten when he entered his room, and on looking at his watch he found it was one o'clock. But sleep was out of the question. After his candle had burnt out he drew up his blind, for the darkness was fast disappearing. He looked out and watched the widening dawn of the day which he knew must prove the most momentous of his life. It happens to few men of Mr. Calvert's age to achieve the honors and success that had fallen to his lot; but at the present moment he felt that there was no event of his past life but was insignificant when compared with the crisis which was at hand, and which was filling him with joy and fear.

When Mr. Calvert went out of the house in the morning, no one was up; and although he walked in the direction in which Colonel Faber had told him he lived, he did not intend to disturb him at that early hour. He purposed walking past the house into the country, and to call on his return. But as he drew near the little cottage, he noticed Mary in the garden, and without hesitation he opened the gate and went towards her. As he drew near her, he was startled by the paleness of her face, and it was easy for him to see that, like himself, she had not slept. Her look was so sad that if she felt any surprise or pleasure at his appearance it was not manifest in her face. Mr. Calvert felt so much distress at her sorrowful face, that after he had taken her hand and bidden her

good-morning, he stood silently looking at her. It was Mary who spoke first.

"Ever since we parted last night," she said, "I have been thinking of what you told me, and I have resolved that, so far as lies in my power, I shall make reparation for the wrong that I caused to be done. I intend to give back the money of the scholarship. I have not got so much; but by selling all we possess I think I shall be able to make up the sum, and I know that my father will support me in trying to do what is right. I shall also resign my situation, which I obtained owing to the result of the examination, for I will not continue longer to be an impostor."

"I am come," replied Mr. Calvert, "to tell you that no injustice has been done. For the first time last night I read over your papers, and found that, had I done my duty as examiner, as you believed I would, I must certainly have included your name among the successful candidates, *on your own merits*." She looked at him without speaking, for her trembling lips were incapable of forming words; but he could see by her trustful eyes that she did not doubt the truth of what he told her.

"We shall go over the papers together," continued Mr. Calvert, "and you will see that you underestimated your knowledge, as I think had you been less nervous while you wrote them you could have done much better. But though you were undoubtedly entitled to your distinguished place in the class list, it is nevertheless true that you caused me to err grievously, and I think you owe me some reparation."

She did not speak, but continued to gaze at him mutely.

"I have not divulged to any one till now," said Mr. Calvert, "the fact that I received my recent appointment on the understanding that I should marry. You are the only person in the world who can help me to follow out my career, because, since seeing you last night, I have resolved that if you refuse to become my wife, I must resign the post."

Mary's pent-up feelings had found vent at last, for, with her head leaning upon his breast, she was sobbing convulsively.

The boys of Canonbury have a tradition which will be religiously handed down to each successive generation, and which owes its origin to their discovery that the "Doctor" was examiner in Latin in the year when his accomplished wife headed the list at St. Margaret's. Their story, which is devoutly believed, is that when Dr. Calvert came to his wife's papers, he

was so struck by the excellence of her Latin, that he made a vow that the girl who had written these papers should become his wife.

But if the boys knew the true history of the courtship, from the time of the flirtation at Eastbourne, they would understand that in this case at least the fact is more romantic than the fiction.

J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
"PICKWICK."

THIS cheerful and inspiring work, which of all modern inventions has most increased the gaiety of nations and public stock of harmless pleasure, appeared some fifty years ago, and its "Jubilee" has been fitly celebrated by a sumptuous edition enriched with "extra" illustrations, and notes explaining its history. This is a tribute almost of affection; and any fresh information about its favorite characters is welcomed, much as new biographical details concerning some popular favorite are received. During the last half-century much relating to the composition of the immortal book, the allusions, the personal connection of the author and of all concerned, has been greedily sought for and gathered; the work itself has come to be treated as a classic, and laborious persons are already exhausting themselves in commentaries, collections, and "dry-as-dust" business.* None are so interested as the booksellers, and a standing entry in every catalogue is a column or so of "Pickwicks." An "original" "Pickwick" is a very precious thing; but to secure a perfect "Pickwick," with all the necessary "points," needs an education. First of all, it must be arrayed in its green cover with the advertisements; the value of the green cover being that it proves the "sporting" complexion which it was at first intended to impart to the narrative. The title sets out "a record of the perambulations, perils, travels, adventures, and sporting transactions of the corresponding members." On each side is a sporting trophy, composed of fishing-rods, landing-nets, guns, whips, etc. At the top a solitary fowler is seen discharging his piece at a bird; while below there is a large sketch of Mr. Pickwick seated fast asleep

in a punt, his fishing-line strained tight by a disregarded fish. As is well known this special character of the story was discarded almost at the outset.

A proper "Pickwick," therefore, should have this important green cover bound up with it. It is also *de rigueur* to possess the various classes of illustrations. First, those by Seymour, who committed suicide after the second number had appeared, and was succeeded by a forgotten artist named Buss, also tried and found unsuited. Buss's plates are feeble to a degree, a result owing to the fact that he attempted to etch his drawings without any knowledge of the technique of etching. He had, moreover, little or no humor. His plates were accordingly "suppressed" and his place taken by the versatile Phiz. Thus, fortunate are those who have the "two suppressed plates" by Buss, which should be "inserted in Part V.," in company with the two substituted ones of Phiz. There was further a plate of Seymour's with which Dickens was dissatisfied, and which in courteous terms he begged of him to redraw. This, it may be said, is all but *introwvable*, and, if secured, enriches our copy prodigiously. The "scarce addresses found in Parts X. and XV., and so often wanting," should also be secured. During fifty years, all these plates, in spite of renewals, redrawings, and other repairs, have become so worn and blurred, that it becomes of the first importance to secure early impressions. The last word, however, is spoken in the sumptuous monument just issued, which for paper, print, notes, and every adornment, is one of the finest works ever sent from the press.

In the marvellous "Pickwick" panorama, the work of a young man of twenty, there are some seventy characters, all round, clearly drawn, original, and distinct. Of these about twenty are working performers, as they may be called, who carry the piece regularly through, and appear in all the acts. These are Mr. Pickwick, and his three friends, Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass; Wardle, his daughter Emily, and the "Fat Boy"; Jingle and Job Trotter; Ben Allen and Arabella; Bob Sawyer, Perker, with Lowten his clerk; the two Wellers, and Mary the pretty housemaid; Stiggins and Mrs. Weller. In addition there are fifty and more minor figures, who appear little more than once, and then go their way. This amusing miscellany is marshalled without confusion or crowding, and furnishes entertainment to the close. We have only to recall the list

* Mr. Kitton's work in this direction is well known, and in an entertaining article recently published he has furnished some curious information as to the originals of Dickens's characters.

and marvel at the author's power of gay invention. There are Dr. Slammer, Dr. Payne, and the widow; the dockyard magnates; Mr. and Mrs. Pott, Slurk, the Leo Hunters, and Count Smorltork; the spinster aunt and her mother, the "long gamekeeper," Magnus, Miss Withersfield, and Dowler. Then the characters of the Fleet, Roker, Mivins, Smangle, the Cobbler, the Butcher, Parson, etc.; the M.C. at Bath, with Lord Muttinhead, the card-playing ladies, and the immortal "Bath footmen;" Nupkins the mayor, and his servant Muzzle; the constable Grummer, Dodson & Fogg, and their clerks; the attorney Pell, Justice Stareleigh, Serjeants Buzfuz and Snaubin, with the other barristers; the chemist-jurymen; Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Rogers and old Winkle; to say nothing of a crowd of inferior characters who appear but for a few moments, but who serve their purpose, helping on the story and amusing the reader.

The figures of Mr. Pickwick and his party are known wherever an English story is read. One of the firm of Chapman & Hall claims to have suggested a counterfeit presentment for the founder of the club. A more artistic and suitable character for suggesting and provoking situations could not have been devised. A set of small apostle spoons ornamented with Pickwick figures was fiercely contended for at the Dickens sale, and we recall the triumph with which the late Andrew Halliday, one of the master's own merry men, displayed to us a single spoon which he had secured for the fancy price of some twenty odd pounds. No 'Arry is complete without his "penny Pickwick" o' holidays; and the Christmas-trees in Germany and elsewhere are hung with Wellers, Winkles, etc., in their habits as they are etched. Innumerable reams of paper are daily blotted by Pickwick pens. The fund of happy and ready quotations has been amply enriched by points and allusions from the same story, the most useful and humorous being that of "the Pickwickian sense," which removes all offence from an offensive speech. It was Mr. Carlyle who reported the significant speech of the sick man wearied out with his doctor's inquiries, "Well! 'Pickwick' will be out to-morrow, anyhow." Even now we can hardly realize the enthusiasm and delight with which each number was looked for. There were Pickwick chintzes, "Weller corduroys," Pickwick cabs, canes, pencil-cases, gaiters. It was translated not only into French, Italian, Spanish, and German, but into Russian, Nor-

wegian, Danish, Polish, and other such uncongenial tongues. Rarely has there been such a triumph. The sale of this extraordinary work has never flagged during fifty years, and we are told that hundreds of thousands of copies have been disposed of by a single firm. It is to be had for sixpence, and, we believe, was selling some time ago on costermongers' carts for *one penny*, complete and unabridged. It has, of course, been dramatized, like all Dickens's stories, and there was a Strand actor named Wilkinson who made a reputation in the difficult character of Sam Weller. Mr. Irving is fond of playing Jingle, but the adaptation he has chosen is poorly constructed, and his rendering of the adventurer is somewhat farcical. The most telling scenes, such as the ball at the hotel and the quarrel with Dr. Slammer, are left out. It has also been treated as an opera. Of the "trial scene" half-a-dozen different versions are in favor, of which at least three are fitted with songs and music, thus anticipating that ingenious pair who wrote "Trial by Jury."

The late Mr. Forster, who was the last of the old well-grounded school of critics, and who had a personal share in the engendering of Dickens's writings, did not rate "Pickwick" so highly as its successors. While sharing the general admiration for its humor, spirit, and characters, he held that in form and treatment it fell short of the higher standard. The same excellent judge was often heard to say that later generations of readers would not have time to get through "Bleak House," "Our Mutual Friend," and other works of the author's later manner, and there can be little doubt that the tragic or serious portions of these productions are slow and labored reading enough. Too much is strained and forced, the dialogue is unnatural and inconsistent, and the incidents ordinary, though "led up to," as to some extraordinary and unexpected solution. The wish was indeed often expressed, "Why not write us another 'Pickwick'?" to which only a writer of experience could give an answer. The novelist is passive, and can only write as he is inspired, or has material. Had he yielded to this pressure there would have been a second "Pickwick" indeed, but only a replica or imitation of the first.

There is one form of mechanism in the management of his story for which the author had a strong *penchant*, the introduction of an occasional tale. This was too often contrived *à propos de bottes*. A

coach is upset in the snow, and the travellers have to sit round the inn fire; or Mr. Pickwick opens a drawer as he is going to bed and finds a MS.; or in the commercial room some one relates a "Bagman's Tale," or there is a "Stroller's Story." Through the course of "Pickwick" we meet no less than a dozen of these tales. One is inclined to suspect that they were unused magazine stories lying by the author, with which he filled in his number, if time failed or inspiration flagged. But the truth is, Dickens always keenly hankered after this old-fashioned device. He had nearly shipwrecked "Master Humphrey's Clock" by making it a sort of miscellany for short stories; and in the numerous "Christmas numbers" of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* he reverted to his pet idea, and showed much ingenuity in devising machinery or "framework" for the same purpose. Some of the "Pickwick" stories, however, we would not willingly part with, notably the ghostly mail-coach legend, which is highly original, and even in a sort of keeping with the narrative.

It has often been a subject of speculation where was obtained the peculiar style and treatment of this famous narrative. In the same generation there is no other work of the same literary cast, in this respect being like "Waverley" and "Vanity Fair," which were originals. Only one or two works could be named which preceded "Pickwick" and which can be at all compared with it in character — viz., some of Theodore Hook's, and Poole's "Little Pedlington," which in its own limited way is a masterpiece. It is curious also to note the narrow escape we have had of complete failure owing to the adoption of a false style, drawn from the pedantic humor of the "Sketches by Boz," which was indeed the established magazine treatment of the time. This, a kind of subdued burlesque, aimed at the description of serious matter in a tone of mock gravity, which after a time became fatiguing. The account of the club discussion at the opening is conceived in this "forced" manner, a good illustration of which is the conceit of the letters "C.M.P.C." put after every name, and explained in a note to mean "Corresponding Member of the Pickwick Club." This was thought to be highly humorous. So with the rather stilted headings of the chapters, such as, "*How the Pickwickians made and cultivated the acquaintance of a couple of nice young men belonging to one of the Liberal Professions,*

etc.;" while another chapter "*Records a touching act of delicate feeling, achieved and performed by Messrs Dodson and Fogg,*" all which has a labored air. Mr. Pickwick in the debate exhibits himself in quite a different character, being tart and aggressive, and showing none of the amiability which he would have done later in the story. Indeed it is clear that the antiquarian element was an inconsistency. The "Bill Stumps, his mark" incident was broad and inartistic, and, as every one will recall, was treated in a truer comedy spirit in "The Antiquary." But of these pedantic fetters our author speedily shook himself free, leaving them to Mr. Albert Smith and others of his imitators.

We are lost in amazement at the spirit and inspiration of the dialogues — often conceived in the best spirit of old comedy. There is the spontaneousness of real life — with no surplussage. So buoyant and even tumultuous is the spirit in which the story is carried on, that the author often falls into some curious mistakes and incongruities, which, according to the old stage phrase, he "bustles" through by sheer force of good spirits. An odd mistake at the outset is Jingle's account of what he witnessed during the "three glorious days" of 1830, though he relates the incident in the year 1827. This, however, the author himself points out in a burlesque note, but it seems strange that he did not correct the mistake in the next edition. Again, when Mr. Pickwick took out the "Legend of Prince Bladud," to read before going to bed, we are told expressly "he lighted his bedroom candle, that it might burn up well by the time he finished" — odd evidence, by the way, of the inferior chandlery of the day — but when, with many yawns, and "a countenance expressive of the utmost weariness," he had got to the end of the story, "he lighted his chamber candle," already, as we were told, alight. In the obstreperous scene at Bath, when Mr. Winkle, in his dressing-gown, was shut out into the street, the landlady had seen from the drawing-room window Mr. Winkle "bolt" into Mrs. Dowler's sedan-chair. She then rushes to call Mr. Dowler, shrieking "that his wife was running away." Now that gentleman had to come from his bedroom, throw up the window, yet "the first object that met his gaze was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan-chair." Another singular incident for which no explanation can be given was the conveying of Mrs. Cluppins with Mrs. Bardell to the Fleet prison and

the locking her up; for on this lady Messrs. Dodson & Fogg had no claim whatever, and they left the other members of the party, such as Mrs. Rogers, unmo-
lest. Mrs. Cluppins would have had good grounds for an action against those astute gentlemen.

No part of the story is more effective and vivacious than the scenes at Rochester and Chatham. The very flavor of these places is caught. The local ball at the inn is delightful for its dramatic spirit and variety. The youthful and brilliant writer had taken stock of the manners and society of the place where he had been a boy, and, from what we know of one specimen, it is likely that all the characters were drawn from life. Slammer, the "peppery" doctor, was taken from a Dr. Sam Piper, whom an old friend and brother officer describes as "a worthy, honest, single-minded man of the old school, given to swearing and other peculiarities, and was one of the 'characters' of Chatham upon my first going there in 1836. He belonged to the Provisional Battalion of Chatham in days long ago. Upon the occasion of 'Pickwick's' being published, and the mentioning the Rochester ball, with Slammer's name, the latter, in the first instance, 'naturally' thought of calling out the author, and, on second thoughts, of prosecuting him for libel. His true friends, however, strongly advised against this step."

Looking over some papers lately, one of these gentlemen found a letter of his ancient comrade, which is quite in the "Slammer" style:—

"New Hill: March 17, '58.

"You, the two undermentioned officers, are hereby required to attend at my house, to-morrow, Thursday, at six o'clock, to meet only Dr. and Mrs. —, also to masticate and wash down your food with good and wholesome wine. In neglect of, or disobeying this order, you are liable to be sworn at.

"Gentlemen,

"Yours sincerely,

"SAM PIPER."*

The secret of this vivacity is found in the fact that it was written in a single heat, as it were, and in one night—as will be seen from one of his letters. The publishers were coming in the morning for copy, and he had "only got Mr. Pickwick and his friends in the Rochester coach

with a new character who he expected would 'make a hit.'" This was Jingle, who with his servant Job was clearly suggested by Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop, played in London the year before.

In truth, Dickens's knowledge of Rochester and Chatham was "extensive and peculiar," like his own Sam's of London. Often, walking with him along the pleasant road leading to these towns, we have heard him dwell on the sense of awe with which the modest buildings of the place used to affect him, and his astonishment on returning in later years to find them of such dwindled proportions.

The ever popular Sam Weller, it has been said, is not an original, and there can be no doubt there was a popular actor, *tempore* Pickwick, named Sam Vale, who performed one Simon Splatdash. All his speeches were larded with the illustrations that the Pickwickian servant was so partial to. "'Come on,' as the man said to the right boot," etc., was a specimen. The similitude of the two names is curious. Later, Dickens was intimate with a family of the name of Weller, one of whom became the mother of Miss Thompson, the artist. The name is particularly associated with Dorking, where, it will be recollected, was Mr. Weller senior's inn, "the Markis of Granby." On a recent visit, we noticed the name Weller on several houses, as also that of Sawyer. The town is full of inns, and visitors are sure to note those old, crusted, full-flavored hostelrys, the White Horse and the Red Lion, with another opposite—all three still claiming to be the one figured in the story. But the Weller inn is described as having its sign on the opposite side of the road, which proves that it could not have been in the main street, where there are houses on both sides, and, indeed, it is plain that Mr. Weller's house had not the pretensions of the White Horse or Red Lion. A few hundred yards out of the town, on the London road, there is found a roadside inn, which our author had probably in his eye.

The scene where Sam is writing his valentine under the easy criticism of his father, suggests the well-known one in "The Rivals," where Acres is writing his challenge. Actors always introduce a "gag" which they may have borrowed from Mr. Weller; "addressing the same lady" being *malaproped* into "undressing." We have the same idea in Sam's letter: "I feel myself ashamed, and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you." Sam's curious story of the patient who

* We are indebted for this characteristic illustration to General Kent, a friend of the genial novelist's.

"blew his head off" by eating crumpets was a grotesque variation of one related in Boswell's Johnson, where the patient fancied "buttered muffins." A careful study of this admirably drawn character will show that at the opening the author had not quite grasped its capabilities. It was only after two or three numbers' progress that he found himself developing his happy varieties of humor and illustration, which ripened as he went along. Sam at the Old White Hart was rather a flippant and even uncongenial person, and his answers pert rather than humorous. We wonder, too, how the son of the proprietor of a flourishing inn, and so superior in his gifts, should have found himself reduced so low as to accept the post of "boots" in a borough inn. But it is likely that Weller senior, his inn, and his widow, were afterthoughts suggested by Sam's successful development.

In a conversation with his father, Sam Weller accuses him of "prophesying away like a red-faced Nixon," which provokes Mr. Weller. "Who was he?" he asks, and is answered, without much filial feeling: "Never mind who he was—he wasn't a coachman, that's enough for you." This "red-faced Nixon" always seemed a mysterious allusion enough; but lately, in a bookseller's catalogue, we came upon the following, which explains it: "Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy, with the prophecy at large. Colored folding frontispiece representing Nixon"—probably with "a dab" of carmine on his cheeks.

Count Smortork, one of Mrs. Leo Hunter's guests, is exquisitely drawn in a few touches, and the dialogue between him and Mr. Pickwick is simply perfect in its appropriateness and humor—as his reply to the former's courteous remark: "Politics comprises in itself a subject of no inconsiderable magnitude," "Politic surprises in himself, ver good." This foreigner was clearly modelled from Prince Puckler-Muskau, who was then, or recently, "doing" England in a hurry, and taking notes of his travels.

At this period, Dickens mostly took his names from real life, as having a greater air of *vraisemblance*. He had not as yet adopted the system of compounding strangely fantastic names. Pickwick was a well-known coach-proprietor. The passage in which Sam points out to his master that his name had been taken and put on the coach door looks like some pleasant chaffing of the coach-proprietor, who, galled by the perpetual jest on his name and person, may have made a remon-

strance. Not long ago, in one of the courts, a witness appeared bearing this very name, who declared himself to be a descendant of the original Moses Pickwick; and, to add to the piquancy of the situation, he was examined by Mr. H. Dickens, the novelist's son—a clever and flourishing barrister. On the other hand, a small town, the last stage before arriving at Bath, is called Pickwick. It is said, too, that there is a character of the name in one of Pierce Egan's novels. The widow of the unfortunate Seymour put forth a pamphlet, claiming the credit of the conception for her husband. The names of Dodson and Fogg we lately found in an old "Life of 'Orator' Hunt," one syllable being altered. Wardle, Lowten, Dowler, and some other names are found together in the report of the Duke of York's case. Keen as is the enjoyment which the celebrated "trial" excites, no one but a barrister can perfectly appreciate its exquisite satire. This is not strained or far-fetched, is founded on true professional knowledge, and yet all the while there is not the least air of technical allusion. It would be vain to praise the immortal speech of the serjeant, which is no exaggeration, and has been delivered again and again by learned counsel in similar cases. One of the most delicate strokes is that of the bill, "Lodgings for single gentlemen," with the juryman's question, "There is no date to the document?" and the serjeant's answer, "There is no date, gentlemen, but I am instructed that it was put up," etc. So with Sam Weller's illustration, and the judge's comment: "As the soldier said ven they ordered him a hundred and fifty lashes," "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, it is not evidence"—is a delightful mixture of real law and farcical satire. The passage is actually quoted in a well-known text-book—"Taylor on Evidence"—on the point of the inadmissibility of "secondary" evidence. During the readings no passage was greeted with such a roar. Nothing so proved the decay of the old sense of bright humor in the gifted author as that he should have added these words: "Unless he be regularly sworn and dressed in the regimentals of a full private." This completely destroyed the point and was itself quite pointless. Admirable, too, for its subtle satire is the serjeant's comment on a phrase in Mr. Pickwick's letter, "Do not trouble yourself about the warming-pan," when he breaks out: "Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about the warm-

ing-pan?" a piece of utter forensic nonsense, yet somehow having a specious air. There was a more particular satire intended here, as the present writer lately discovered. Only the year before the famous *cause célèbre* of Norton and Lord Melbourne had been engrossing the town, and Sir William Follett for the plaintiff had laid great stress on some trifling notes or notelets about as harmless as these of Mr. Pickwick. Sir J. Campbell during the defence read them in his defence.

The first is in these words:—"I will call at about half past four or five. Yours, MELBOURNE."

The next:—"How are you? I shall not be able to come to-day. I probably shall to-morrow. Yours, MELBOURNE."

The last:—"No house to-day. I will call after the levée, about four or half past. If you wish it later let me know. I will then explain about going to Vauxhall. Yours, MELBOURNE."

Sir W. Follett gravely urged that "these letters showed a great and unwarrantable degree of affection, because they did not begin and end with the words 'My dear Mrs. Norton.'" And he added that "it seems there may be latent love like latent heat in these productions," which is one of the points of the serjeant's—"a mere cover for hidden fire," etc. The signature too, "Yours, Pickwick," is exactly like "Yours, Melbourne." Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who tried the case of "*Bardell versus Pickwick*," was drawn from the well-known, oddly named Judge Gazelee. When reading the part, Dickens took for his model, as he himself informed us, the eccentric utterance of the late Samuel Rogers. Every one will recall the slow, sepulchral deliberation which gave such point to the dicta of the judge.

One of the most attractive sides of "Pickwick" is the complete picture it offers of an old English state of manners which has now disappeared or faded out. These characters and incidents belong to the state of society that then existed—nay, are its product. Thus the slow and deliberate mode of travelling by coach, the putting up at inns, enforced a sort of fellowship and contact, and led to acquaintance and displays of peculiarity. The same conditions of travel, too, promoted a species of adventure often not without its farce. Now, with the various changes has come an orderly uniformity, reflected in the dramas of our time, which contrast as strongly with the old boisterous humors

of the ancient farces. In country houses, cut off from regular contact with the metropolis, characters such as were found at Dingley Dell were not at all improbable. Mistakes in double-bedded rooms, cordial acceptance of adventurers and impostors, such as Captain Fitz-Marshall, picked up at an assembly rout, elopements, duels, were, as can be seen from the newspapers of the time, ordinary incidents enough. The vivid yet unaffected style in which these now abolished incidents are brought before us is extraordinary. Nothing could be more perfect as a complete picture than the account of the Fleet prison, the fashion of life there, the singular characters, their reckless originality, yet all contributing entertainment while they forwarded the strict "business" of the piece. We know as much of the Fleet as if we had resided there for months. In the same spirit our author caught the whole flavor of Bath, with its assemblies, master of ceremonies, footmen, etc., so that even now a visitor for the first time finds himself in a manner familiar with it, and feels the peculiar tone of dignified old fashion which had been described to him. In its stately Crescent we only think of Mr. Winkle, and of Mrs. Dowler in the sedan-chair.

More interesting still is the series of pictures of a now vanished London, and which in themselves lend the work a sort of antiquarian charm—the Fleet, the Borough, the Law Courts, the old inns. Inns indeed all through the land owe much to Dickens, who has lent a tone of almost poetic associations which have helped to preserve them. Sam's inn in the Borough, the White Hart, still lingers on in a crazy condition, its old galleries on two sides remaining. The most prosaic finds himself unconsciously believing that Sam cleaned boots in that very yard, and that up that rickety stair in the corner he led the Pickwickians to Miss Wardle's room. There are many who in such faith take delight in visiting all the scenes in Dickens's stories, and the Americans are honorably distinguished in this pursuit. The Leather Bottle of Cobham, whither Mr. Tupman fled after his disaster, is a regular spot for pilgrims. The inn at Towcester where the rival editors had their encounter in the kitchen, still flourishes, as does the Crown at Ipswich.

There is little too of that patched air which the necessity of providing something striking for each "number" entails on the author. New adventures had to be found for each portion, and yet the whole is a fairly homogeneous narrative, nor

does it flag towards the end, when a pleasing and moderate sobriety of tone is introduced which awakens interest and makes us part from the characters with regret. Mr. Pickwick and his faithful valet were reintroduced into the introductory chapters of "Master Humphrey's Clock," but the effect is displeasing, as was to be expected, and the chapters have been wisely discarded in later editions.

Finally, the most remarkable of all the attractions of this old favorite is its enduring freshness. We can read it again and again, and, as in the case of "The Vicar of Wakefield," can, if not bless, at least thank heartily, the author "who reconciles us so well to human nature."

From The Nineteenth Century.
ISOLATION; OR, SURVIVAL OF THE
UNFITTEST.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

GREAT landscapes are often commanded from little windows; and sometimes, though perhaps not so often, the narrow area of some small community may exhibit with extraordinary clearness the working of universal laws. The present condition of the island of Lewis is a case in point. The facts connected with it are very interesting and very curious. The simplest of them, but not the least important, is the mere geographical circumstance that Lewis is an island. In the natural sciences the isolation of special facts is the first condition of successful investigation. The mere separation of local phenomena from all others may go a long way towards the identification of the causes which have produced them. This, which is notoriously true of the subjects of purely physical inquiry, is not less true of the much more complicated problems which are concerned with human life. It is an immense advantage when we can get these problems presented to us in connection with a continuous history, and under external conditions which are at once simple and peculiar. A most natural reaction has been caused by the fantastic theories of the late Mr. Buckle on the effects produced upon human character by purely physical surroundings. It is certainly not true that the peculiarities of any community of men can be explained by the skies under which they live, or by the soil on which they tread. But it is quite as certainly true that there are some physical conditions which determine a

good deal and which may guide us to a good deal more. Insulation is one of these. In past times it has involved the accessibility or inaccessibility to foreign conquest or invasion. In recent times it has involved accessibility or inaccessibility to the entrance of knowledge or to the stimulus of new ideas. This again has carried with it the persistence, and perhaps the corruption, of ancient habits and of immemorial customs. Upon these everything may depend. Climate and soil within certain limits control natural productions, and when mind is stagnant, or retrogressive, this control becomes more and more stringent until it may constitute an insuperable barrier to all improvement. Man succumbs under, instead of meeting and resisting, the adverse conditions which affect his life.

The Outer Hebrides, or as they are often called in the Highlands "the Long Island," constitute one of the most peculiar features in the physical geography of Scotland. From the Butt or north end of Lewis to the lighthouse off the southern end of Barra, this great natural breakwater of islands and of rocky islets extends for a distance of nearly one hundred and thirty miles. It completely defends the north-western coast of the mainland from the great rollers of the Atlantic. The channel, however, between the Long Island and that coast, is from thirty to forty miles broad — wide enough to furnish a heavy sea of its own in westerly gales, and quite open in the northerly direction to the whole sweep of the ocean from the Arctic regions. The "Minch," accordingly, as this wide channel is called, is a very stormy sea. To cross it habitually requires powerful boats. The isolation of the Outer Hebrides is therefore, or rather was, before steam navigation, a real and effective isolation. It was a practical barrier against easy or frequent intercourse with the outside world. In this respect the Outer are very differently situated from the Inner Hebrides. The islands which belong to these nearer groups, although they stretch their stormy headlands far out into the western sea, are all of them, either in themselves, or through some outliers, so close to the mainland that the channels between them can be constantly safely navigated by a skiff, or a coracle, or a canoe. Skye, the largest of the Inner Hebrides, is at one point divided from the mainland by a channel so narrow that one of the larger of our modern ships, if laid across it, would almost block the passage. Moreover, the principal islands of the In-

ner Hebrides, being much larger and much more fertile than the outer line, are as much more attractive as they are more accessible. Nevertheless, as regards the inner islands also, the mere fact of an insular position has not been without results. It is indeed curious to observe the effects produced by even the narrowest channel of the sea. Men who live on islands are always insular. Separateness is in their blood. Moated off from others, they have a perpetual sense of their individuality, and they are apt to take a pride in fencing it. Their drawbridge is always up. The result of such tendencies must depend on the nature of the garrison. It must depend on the character of the influences which they cherish as compared with the influences which they repel. There are very few races indeed which can afford for centuries to live apart—to develop only what has belonged to their own ancestors—and to exclude all the elements of variety and of change which elsewhere either cause or accompany the great movements of mankind.

Who, then, were the Hebrideans? What was the bent of their genius? What were the specialities of their character? What polity did they bring? Whence and how did they come to those wild and lonely islands?

All these questions can be answered with tolerable precision, in the light of history. The Hebrideans are mainly descended from that branch of the Celtic race which at some very early date had passed across Britain into Ireland, had made that country the seat of their strongest settlement, and so early as A.D. 360 had already appeared as the fiercest enemies of the Roman provinces in North Britain. This is the people, called by the Romans Scoti, which in the first years of the sixth century (about A.D. 501) migrated from the district of Dalriada in the Irish Scotia, and established a permanent colony in that part of the Caledonian coast which from thence was called Arregaithel, then passed through many forms into Erygyle and is now Argyllshire. It means simply the land or coasts of the Gael. This is the people which, by one of the strangest processes of evolution ever recorded in history, came ultimately, through this colony, to give their Latin name, by which they did not know themselves, to the whole of Britain lying north of the Solway and the Tweed.

Of the bent of their genius, and of the specialities of their character, when still in Ireland, we know everything from the best

authority—that is to say, from themselves. The Latin historians knew them only as they were seen and felt in Britain, and this, too, only during the later years of the imperial dominion. And so they give us no account of the Scoti except the barest outline. Nevertheless, that outline is sufficiently graphic. Three facts struck the Romans as regarded the Celtic Scoti: they were very brave, they were very wandering, and they were very prolific. From themselves we can fill up this outline as no other sketch of that epoch can be filled. Unlike the other northern nations at that time, the Celtic Scoti had a literature, and, in great part at least, that literature has survived. They had a language, which was expressive and picturesque. They had poetry and song. The professional bard was honored at their feasts, and round their roaring fires of wood and peat. Originally—that is to say in pre-historic times—divided into tribes, they had come to be divided into those military brotherhoods which are known in history as clans. These clans fought against each other with fierce and implacable animosity. Internecine wars—the ravaging of each other's territory, the massacre of each other's population, the burning of each other's churches—these were the great occupations of their lives, and the one great subject of their verses and their song. Even their women were liable to "hosting"—that is to say, to conscription in fighting array, and in battle they might be seen encountering each other, and tearing each other's breasts with reaping-hooks. They had been early converts, after their own fashion, to Christianity; and their monks and clergy were organized on some ancient tribal and hereditary system which placed them in only too close sympathy with the worst habits of their race. It is they, and their clerical successors in the more "Catholic" centuries, who have left a faithful account of their life and doings during many hundred years. The poet Southey has embodied in an expressive list of Latin words the general effect left upon the mind by a study of the Celtic annals of Ireland: "*Jugulatio, vastatio, devastatio, prædatio, deprædatio, occisio, combustio, strages, altercatio, belliolium, prælium atrox*—behold in these words, which everywhere occur in this book, the history of the Island of the Saints." It is indeed an awful record of chaos and of savagery, without one single sign of growth in those developments of primitive custom into definite law or settled institutions in which civiliza-

tion has everywhere consisted, and upon which it must everywhere depend.

This is what the Irish Scoti were, and continued for many centuries to be, in the land of their farthest settlement to the west. But such results represented one side of their character alone; and it was only under special conditions that this side seemed to be the whole. These Celts had not always been cut off by isolation from other tribes of men, and from the general stream of the world's progress. They were but one particular branch of a great race which had spread over Europe from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and the Po, and had passed even down into the Mediterranean coasts of Asia. All over that vast area they had come into contact with civilizations higher than their own. Even those whom they conquered did nevertheless intellectually conquer them. And so, over all those lands, they served to enrich the human soil without engrossing it. But in Ireland they encountered only some aboriginal outliers of the human species — weak and obscure — whom they exterminated or enslaved. Geographically they had got into a blind alley, out of which there was no turning except by turning back. Fortunately this was easy to them, because in passing into Ireland they had passed through Britain, where some of their kindred had already been established, and which it is evident they had known by that earliest Latin name which the Romans gave it when they first saw the pure white cliffs of Dover, of Beechy Head, and of the western corner of the Isle of Wight. It is one of the many mysteries of geological science that, although what is known as the Cretaceous Age has left abundant remains all over the world, nowhere, except in the south-eastern shores of Britain, has it left that curious sediment which is now as white as the driven snow. It is seldom that we can understand so clearly the origin of a place-name as in the case of the name first given to Britain by the Romans when they called it Albion. "Britannia" came later, when wars and conquest had taught the Romans to know the affinities of race which connected the people whom they had to subdue in Albion with the people whom they had already subdued in Gaul. But the Celtic Scoti had evidently crossed over Britain at the time when, from the Romans, they had learned to call it Albion; and hence, when they came in course of time to overspread Ireland to its northern extremity, and when they looked back eastward across

the sea to the continuous land which still fronted them from the headlands of Antrim, they knew it to be the same land which their fathers had crossed farther south, and so they continued to call it "Alban." It is curious and typical of a very singular history that, although this name has been transmitted as a royal title, and although for several centuries it was the name in common use for a large part of Scotland, it is now locally unknown except as preserved in the one small district of Bread-albane on the western borders of Perthshire. This complete obliteration of Alban, and the complete substitution for it of the name "Scotia," which in the same centuries was exclusively applied to Ireland, is the result of that return migration eastwards which once more brought the great body of the Celtic Scoti into touch with the only influences which could improve and civilize them. When they had overrun Ireland to its northern extremity, they had not before them the proverbial "three courses" of the practical politician. They had only two. They might stream northwards to the verdant shores of Islay, and so along all the line of islands to the outer and the farthest Hebrides. Or they might return on their own steps eastward, and occupy some part of the Caledonian mainland. They did both. Those who went north became the Hebrideans, more isolated than ever, with consequences we shall see. Those who took the eastern line crossed over to Kintyre, on the shores of that land which they knew as Alban, and with consequences which are memorable indeed. Instead of being isolated and, as it were, shunted off from the main lines of human progress, they were again brought into that rush and conflict of the contending races in whose amalgamation then lay the happiest future of the world. And in no part of Europe, or of the world, was that rush and conflict greater than in Roman Caledonia, and in Pictland, which lay to the north and west. It was a perfect whirlpool or maelstrom of native and of intruding tribes, all alternately fighting and allying, slaughtering and betraying, marrying and inheriting from each other. There were the Celtic Picts, with at least two divisions; there were the Celts of Cornwall, the Celts of Wales, the Celts of Britain, besides the Teutonic element in Frisians, in Angles, and in Saxons. But every one of these had been, or was coming to be, in contact with the two great civilizing influences of Western nations, the Roman Empire and the Latin Church. The final

submission of the old Irish Celtic Church to the Roman ritual and discipline may be regarded as a misfortune by the national antiquarian or by the Protestant theologian. But it was part and parcel of a process to which we owe the rise of our nation and the civilization of our people. Such pounding and hammering, such melting and transfusion, is only comparable to the work of metallurgy in dealing with the most heterogeneous and intractable materials. And one of the most intractable as well as one of the most valuable of those materials, as one ingredient in the great alloy, came from the Celtic Scoti. We are very apt to forget, however, what a tough and hard process that was, and how long it lasted. It was just about one hundred years after the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, in 402, that the Scoti settled in Alban, between 502-6. It took nearly three hundred and forty years more before the Scottish element asserted its pre-eminence over the Pictish and the British in the person of Kenneth Macalpine (844). Two centuries more elapsed before the throne was shared by the blood of Saxons, in the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with the saintly Margaret. Another long interval of about two hundred and eighty years, from 1034 to 1314, elapsed before Scotland was finally secured in her national independence under a leader whose lineage was mainly that of a Norman knight, but who shared, also, more or less directly, in all the rival bloods. It is difficult to say what it was in the Celtic Scoti which determined the ultimate predominance of their name. There is no reason to believe that they were better soldiers than their cousin Celts, the Picts, who met the Roman legions in no unequal combat, who fought in chariots and wielded beautifully cast swords of bronze. On the contrary, it seems clear that at one time during those nine centuries of confusion the Pictish Celts had established themselves in dominion over the Western or Scottic Celts even in their own original province of the Gael.

Probably the question is one of distinctive names rather than of distinctive races, or even of distinctive branches. The name Scoti was a Roman, not a native name, and as all literature speedily became Latin, the name survived when the people to whom it was originally given had been, on the mainland, long melted into others. Certain it is that the formative or constructive elements, as well as all the tendencies to peaceful industry, which built up and moulded Scotland into

a nation, came wholly from the Roman and the Teutonic side of the country and of the population. The Celtic Britons of Strathclyde, who have left their name to this day in the rock-fortress of Dunbritton, corrupted into Dumbarton, are known to have boasted of their Roman blood. The first substantial nucleus of the future Scottish kingdom—the Celtic kingdom of Alban—lay on the eastern and not on the western side of the mountain ridges which were the boundary of the earlier Irish Celts. Its capital was at Scone, near Perth, in the valley of the Tay, and on the highway of these broad straths and comparatively level country of the eastern coast along which the Anglo-Saxon influences were for centuries steadily advancing. At the same time we must remember there was no Saxon conquest. On the contrary it is remarkable that there was an earlier Bannockburn, in A.D. 685—or no less than six hundred and twenty-nine years before the final struggle under the walls of Stirling. For in that far earlier year there was fought a great battle at Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, in which an invading army of Saxons from Northumbria was not only routed, but destroyed, by the Celtic forces, with the slaughter of the Saxon king. The steady advance and the ultimate overflow of Teutonic blood and of Teutonic institutions, was due entirely to that best and most complete of all conquests, which consists in the triumph of clear and definite ideas over men in whom all ideas were as yet indefinite and obscure. It was this, and nothing more than this, for even as regards those early usages and customs in which all law begins there never was any such fundamental antagonism between Celt and Saxon as to need violent processes of substitution. On the contrary, the Celtic customs and institutions had been essentially feudal long before they had been described or recognized under that—or indeed under any other—name. During the six hundred years between the departure of the Romans and the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with the Saxon Margaret, the whole framework of Celtic society had passed forever out of the tribal stage into the very different organization of the clans; that is to say, it had become from top to bottom a purely military organization depending entirely on that kind of "fidelity" to chiefs and leaders which was then the only possible condition not only of military success, but also of security in the possession of anything which arms alone could win, and which arms alone could defend.

There was as little and as natural a change in the nature of the thing denoted as there was in the word denoting it, when fidelity in the military sense passed into "feudality" in that legal sense which made it the strong foundation of permanent institutions. And this is the cause and the explanation of the rapid progress and the prevailing power of the union between Latin law and Teutonic customs, which came to be established in the growing monarchy of Scotland. There was, of course also, as a natural consequence, a growing infusion of Teutonic blood. The two centuries which elapsed between Malcolm Canmore's reign (1056-1093) and the death of Alexander III. in 1285, are universally recognized by all historians as the period in which Scotland was visibly making itself a nation. And it is remarkable that although during all that time the dynasty continued to be Celtic in the male line, its blood was becoming more and more predominantly Saxon and Norman. During the whole of that time every marriage of the royal family, with hardly a single exception, was a marriage from one or other of these races. Nor is this all. During those centuries the greatest of our kings had to fight the northern and Pictish races in battles as fierce as those in which Rome had encountered them a thousand years before. David the First not only defeated them, but expelled them from the country to the east and north of the Spey, and settled or planted those districts with the more mixed, the more settled, and the more industrious races to which he himself belonged.

On the other hand two great facts are to be remembered on this subject: the first is that the Celtic race, in the purest form in which it was anywhere preserved during all those centuries, maintained its high reputation for personal fidelity and personal courage; and the second is that the mass of the population continued to have a Celtic basis, even in many of those parts which were most advanced. The first of these facts is proved by the trust which was reposed in them by Robert the Bruce in his war of independence. The Celts of the mainland—the Picts of Galloway and the Gaels of "Ergadhael"—furnished in 1314 the contingent which he most trusted, in his little army of forty thousand men, at Bannockburn. They formed, likewise, the division which he launched with most effect in the later and now almost forgotten battle of Byland, in Yorkshire, where he again routed, not less completely, the chivalry of England and

of France under Edward the Third, in 1328. The second fact—the long and wide prevalence of the old Celtic population even in the east of Scotland—is testified by many facts, such as the wide prevalence all over Scotland of place-names which are purely Gaelic. It is, moreover, curiously illustrated by the circumstance mentioned in Burt's "Letters," that in Edinburgh, so late as about 1730-35, it was difficult to get domestic servants from Fifeshire who could speak English. The truth is, that the old Celtic strain in our common blood was everywhere a valuable, and often an invaluable, element, exactly in proportion to its wide segregation from its own unmixed predominance, and in proportion to the completeness with which it became subordinate to laws, and to a civilization, higher than its own.

Hence it is that when we turn from the mainland of Scotland to the Hebrides, and to those isolated districts of the north-west coast, which were practically in the same position, we meet with a difference indeed. In streaming northwards into that archipelago of islands and labyrinth of sea-lochs, when their companions streamed eastwards into lands which were continuous and comparatively accessible, that Hebridean branch of the Scoti continued subject to conditions not materially better than those they left in Ireland. During nearly three hundred years, indeed, they had time thoroughly to amalgamate with their near kindred, the northern Picts, to whom, through St. Columba, they communicated, in however rude a form, the inexhaustible gifts of Christianity. With those northern Picts for a long time, in consequence, they seem to have had no quarrels, or, at all events, no desolating wars. But, on the other hand, during this long time, unlike their brethren in Caledonia, they were brought into no fruitful contact with those more eastern and northern nations who were recasting the European world; and when at last they did encounter them, this encounter took place at the worst time and in the worst form. They met the Gothic races when as yet they were more barbarian than themselves. For just as these Celts themselves were moving northwards in two divisions and along two different lines of march, so likewise were the northern nations moving in the opposite direction "southwards" in two corresponding divisions and along two lines of parallel advance. One of these lines led along the coasts of continental Europe; the other lay to the westward—to Orkney, Shetland, the Hebridean

Isles, and to Ireland. The difference of result which hinged on this difference of route is perhaps one of the most curious and instructive facts in history. The Scandinavian races had one distinguishing characteristic. They were hard as steel in giving blows, and soft as wax to receive impressions. Hence they gained, and hence they suffered, far more than even the Celtic race gained or suffered from the influences, good or bad, under which migration or conquest placed them. In sailing and settling southward they came everywhere into the lasting glow of Roman civilization, and in contact with the growing assimilation of its surviving elements among the invading races. Founding first a powerful settlement in the north-western corner of Gaul, they passed on to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. There they ruled as conquerors over the old Byzantine provinces of Italy, and then founded a new kingdom from the palaces of Palermo. Rendering immortal services to Europe and the world in arresting and reversing the tide of Moslem conquest, they nevertheless were the most tolerant of men, taking and accepting all that the superficial civilization of Arabian culture could afford, and joining to the services of the Christian Church, and to their own glorious architecture, whatever skill in beautiful forms the Saracenic workmen could supply. And so, when the great Norman race came at last to invade England, they came laden with all the richness of this wide brotherhood in arts and arms — this near kindred with conquerors in the oldest and fairest provinces of Europe. No contrast could be more absolute than the contrast between the Norman invaders of England and that other branch of the same race, which, two centuries before, had steered from Norway to the west of south, and which there, between the end of the ninth and the middle of the thirteenth centuries, wore out many wasteful and barren generations, in contact with nothing more improving than the Hebridean and the Irish Celts. This contrast is marked, and in some faint degree is measured, by the associations which belong to the very names of the Northman and the Norman. In these two forms of the same name we see expressed, by a true and inseparable association, all the difference between the Christian knight or the feudal baron, and the Norse viking or the heathen pirate — between the plundering sea-rover, who took everything and left nothing, and the warrior-statesman, who did, indeed, take much,

but who gave far more, enriching the blood and strengthening the institutions of every land in which he settled.

It would be unjust, however, to represent the barbarism as having been all on one side. The northern races which took this barren western route did certainly fail to meet with anything — except the bare profession of Christianity — that could nourish the good seed they bore. But it is not the less true that the races which they invaded suffered most. The Celts of Ireland and the northern Picts, in passing outside of the rising and lifting tide of the Teutonic migrations, met in the face another stream which was purely fierce and desolating. The same sea which isled them off from the civilizing influences of their brethren in the new and rising Scotia, was the very bridge and highway which brought down upon them first the ravages of the pirate, and next the dominion of the viking. It is true that the Scandinavian races got nothing, and could not possibly get anything, from the Hebridean comparable with those high influences which raised them elsewhere from the Norseman into the Norman. But when Professor Freeman says that the Northmen sank to the level of the Irish Celt, he seems to be hardly just towards the Celts as regards the comparative position of the two races when they first met each other in the far west. What he says is strictly true of a later age. But it hardly applies to the age in which the two races first encountered each other in the Hebrides. The truth is that, although the one was as fierce and predatory as the other, yet the Celts had — what the Northmen had not — the rudiments of an organization and of a polity capable of that civilized development which at that very time it was attaining among the Franks in Gaul, and which the brethren of the vikings were destined to elaborate and complete in Normandy and in Britain. The military organization of the clans was nothing but a rude and lawless feudalism, founded on the habit and the necessity of personal fidelity to chiefs who could lead and who could defend their followers. Services on the one hand, protection on the other, and plunder in different degrees shared by both — this was the Celtic system. It was condensed and paraphrased in the motto of Irish tenants, "Spend me, but defend me." The best that can be said of it is that it was a system in harmony with the facts of life. The worst that can be said of it is that, in the absence of any approach to those definitions of the mutual rights and

obligations of men in which all law essentially consists—in the utter vagueness and looseness of mere barbarous customs—it was a system which tended to increasing abuse, and to the perpetuation of all the evils that growing corruption could establish. Yet it was unquestionably an organization higher than that which bound the corsair captain to his pirate crew. Consequently the moment the Northmen began to leave off mere ravaging, and to enter upon conquest and settlement, they adopted or came under the Celtic system, and were at last even more completely absorbed in the people whom they vanquished than they ever came to be in any other part of Europe. It is indeed a striking fact that although the Gaelic people of the Hebrides were in contact with the Norsemen—either as exposed to their ravages, or as subject to their settled sway—for a period almost as long as the Roman dominion in Britain, that is to say, for nearly four hundred years, nothing tangible now remains of the Scandinavian rule or race in the Western Islands. MacCulloch, the famous geologist, writing so late as 1819, tells us, indeed, that he himself saw fishermen off the Butt of Lewis who plied their trade in boats of an old Norse pattern, with a double bank of oars. But even this is forgotten now. A large number of place-names—names of townships and of farms, and in a still larger number of cases the names of the separate islands, attest, and are the only things that do attest, the long centuries in which the Norseman was supreme over the Gaelic population. Doubtless their blood remains. But it has been entirely absorbed in the Celtic stock. The language and the habits of the people remained purely Celtic, together with such rude social customs as could be said to approach the rank of institutions. But the Norse conquest and dominion had one influence which was lasting. It confirmed and aggravated the isolation of the Hebrideans. It stimulated habits of war and plunder, even more than they had been stimulated in Ireland. Moreover, it directed their hostility towards their own more civilized brethren on the mainland of Scotland, against whom they waged war for centuries under chiefs who were Norse in blood, and Norse or Irish in their enmity to the Scottish monarchy. So completely was this hostility recognized by the Celtic people of the mainland during those centuries, that a special name, expressive of it, was attached to the Hebrideans. They were called the “Gall-Gaidheal,” or the

“Stranger-Gaels,” the Gaels who had become yoked to the service of a foreign and a hostile race. The effects of this long antagonism did not cease when the defeat of the Norse king in the battle of Largs, and the growing power of the Scottish monarchs, compelled him to resign the sovereignty of the Hebrides to Alexander the Third in 1268. Long before that time not only the Gaels of the mainland, but even the Gaels of the Hebrides, had begun to meet and to mingle with that return current from the east which drove the mere Norseman out, and brought the French Norman in. But rapid as the infusion of the higher blood soon became throughout all the leading families of the Highlands, yet the higher culture which elsewhere accompanied it was kept at bay for centuries in the islands by the indelibility of the Celtic customs and traditions. Even “throned races may degrade,” as our great poet tells us, and never was the truth more signally illustrated than in the history of the Hebridean clans. They began ill. They had a bad start. The famous Somerled, with his Norse name, had at least in the male line an almost purely Celtic parentage. When his rebellion against the yoke of the Norwegian kings first shook the Norse dominion, he rebelled not on behalf of the Scottish kingdom which was then rising in power and in civilization—he rebelled on behalf of himself only, and of a petty kingdom or principality such as those which in Irish history come under the sounding names of kings of Leinster, or of Munster, or of Connaught. He quarrelled with the Scottish sovereign in the same spirit, because he wished to see established another similar Celtic principality in the northern province of Moray. In this quarrel he attacked and invaded Scotland through Strathclyde, where he was fortunately killed. But he was the progenitor of a whole crowd of chiefs, and lords of the isles, who for centuries carried on his tendencies, as they boasted of his blood. One or two of them, from personal connection, supported Robert the Bruce in his great struggle. But they had no idea of devotion to a great cause as distinguished from mere personal fidelity to a great man. The moment King Robert died, the islanders were almost universally hostile to the Scottish monarchy. Bruce knew the men with whom he had to deal, and in his treaty with Edward the Third establishing the independence of Scotland, there was a mutual stipulation that the Scotch were not to help the rebellious

Irish, whilst the English were not to aid the Hebrideans in their raids and their revolts. This parallel between the two disturbing elements in the two nations, recorded in such a document and at such a time, is a parallel which brings out with emphasis a great historical fact. Bruce's foresight was as true as it was unavailing. It is an established doctrine, even of modern international law, that war dissolves treaties. In that rude age they were broken on the slightest temptation. Wars between England and Scotland became continual, and both crowns intrigued constantly with the enemies of the other. During the two hundred and seventy-four years which elapsed between the death of Bruce and the union of the crowns in 1603, the Hebridean islands and the adjacent coasts were a perpetual source of danger to the national government. On one occasion they broke across the hills in great force, invaded Scotland, and were with difficulty defeated in the bloody battle of Harlaw. It was universally regarded at the time as a national deliverance not less signal than that which had been achieved upon the Bannock. On another occasion the Hebridean clans entered into a regular negotiation with Edward the Fourth of England for the conquest and partition of the Scottish kingdom. The condition of the islands themselves was a perpetual scandal even when it had long ceased to be a serious danger. It was almost as bad as the condition of the worst parts of Ireland outside the Pale. Most fortunately no such line of legalized barbarism was ever allowed in Scotland as a geographical boundary, outside of which the people were avowedly left, unprotected by law, to the desolating customs and usages of their own uncultured race. The law of Scotland, growing in definiteness and in adjustment with the growing wants of an advancing people, was the law of the whole country, and all violations of it were acknowledged wrongs. But distance and inaccessibility of geographical position, and the innate attractiveness of a wild, predatory life, acting as an insuperable temptation even to Norman barons; and last, not least, the desperate tenacity of the Celts to long-established customs, combined to keep back the Hebrideans from sharing in the general advance of the Scottish people. When James the Sixth succeeded to the English throne he became more than ever sensitive to the discredit attaching to the condition of so large a part of his native kingdom. And this it was, doubtless, that led him to a

step which was one of the best and most successful he ever took. Over and over again his ancestors had sent, or led, warlike expeditions against the islands, with little or no result. He determined now to try an embassy of peace and of persuasion. He sent one of the Scottish clergy to that sacred isle in which kings and vikings, chiefs, and barons, had been buried for more than nine hundred years. There all that remained of their descendants were summoned to appear, and there they were invited to bury, not their bodies, but the feuds and savage customs of many generations.

In great numbers they obeyed the summons. Before the altar of the cathedral that commemorated the great missionary of the Celts they were persuaded to enter into some definite engagements for the future. These were the beginnings of the better day. They came to be known as the "statutes of Iona," constituting an authentic and memorable record of the utter barbarism which had to be reformed. One of the most fruitful engagements was that which struck at the isolation of the Hebridean chiefs, and compelled them to send out their children to mix with other men in the main stream of British civilization. This was in the truly scientific spirit of political reform—the spirit that penetrates into the deeper-seated causes of social corruption and brings new and permanent influences to bear upon them. One result was curious. The young men who thenceforward were sent out to be educated in the Lowlands were the very men, or the fathers of the men, many of whom acquired a personal loyalty to the house of Stuart, which had been wholly unknown to their ancestors. This was a truly Celtic form of patriotism. But, however inferior it may be to that higher loyalty to law, on which alone liberty and settled institutions can be founded, it was at least honorable in itself, and led to acts of personal devotion which have secured the respect and even the sympathy of better times and of more enlightened men.

But here we come upon a striking difference between the classes which could, and the classes which could not, be brought under the power of the new influences established by the statutes of Iona. The chiefs, with their kith and kin, could and did move outwards from their rude islands, and rub shoulders with their countrymen in the south, who had made, and were still making, Scotland. They could take, also, military service upon the Continent, as their equally lawless brethren of

the Border clans were obliged to do, when their distracted country had ceased to be a border, and had become the middle of one united kingdom. But no such resource was open, or open in anything like the same degree, to the poorer classes in the Hebrides. The military ages, which had given them employment, were coming to an end, and the industrial ages had not yet begun. The sea, which had brought the vikings to them, and on which, under native leaders, they had for centuries been leading a viking life, was now as vacant for the galley as it was empty of the ships of commerce. Thus the isolation of the Hebrideans became more absolute and complete than it had ever been. Hence the difference, amounting to violent contrast, between them and those leaders of their own blood and race, who escaped from that isolation and mingled in the central currents of the national life. Wars did not cease, either in the century which saw the statutes of Iona, or in that which followed; on the contrary, they were frequent if not continual. But they were all wars waged for intelligible objects, and involving great issues, not only for Britons but for the world. In these wars men of Highland and Hebridean blood engaged as officers in numbers, and with a renown which made them widely and justly famous. Fontenoy, Quebec, Ticonderoga, spoke with trumpet tongue. Nor was this all. In every walk of science, of politics, and of literature; in the army, in the navy, in the Church, the MacLeods, and the Mackenzies, and the MacLeans, and the Macgregors, and the bearers of every other conceivable name that came from the sons of Somerled, were rising to the front ranks of eminence wherever and whenever they left their narrow glens, and joined in the steps of progress. It was, however, for a short time, and for a short time only, after the close of our civil wars, that the clansmen had enlisted as such in regiments which were attractive to them because they had a flavor of the old system. For a time—an invaluable time—they did something to lift the poorer classes in the Highlands to high ambitions and to wider aims.

But this was a passing phase, and regular military service soon ceased to attract the islanders. The people remained to multiply. And assuredly they did not belie the reputation for fecundity which the Roman historian had given them more than fifteen hundred years before. They started with a scattered remnant and a desolated country. "The great misery

unto which for the present their barren country was subject"—such is the confession signed by the chiefs in 1603, under the sanctities of Iona, as to the condition of the Hebrides. Never were the natural laws of population, under special and defined conditions, more strikingly and experimentally exhibited. They were now saved from the ravages of war by the growing power and civilization of a central government. They were saved, farther on, from the ravages of small-pox—not less destructive—by the introduction of inoculation. They were exempted from the necessity of exertion and of agricultural improvement by the abundant, but idle and demoralizing, provision of the potato. They were, at a critical time, powerfully stimulated to further increase by the sudden rise of a local manufacture in the products of seaweed. They were ringed off by distance, by the sea, by lethargy, and by increasing poverty, from the rising industries of the Low Country. For some years a sort of paroxysm of discouragement and of discomfort made them throw off swarms to the New World. But not even this, nor frequent famines, could keep down the rising tide of population. We have full and detailed accounts of their condition during the whole of the eighteenth, and for the early part of the present, century from competent, impartial, and scientific witnesses. We have the striking picture of two islands, typical of all, drawn by Duncan Forbes, of Culloiden, in 1737. We have the testimony from personal observation of the famous naturalist Pennant, in 1769-1772. We have the testimony of Professor Walker, an eminent agriculturist, for the years between 1760-1790. We have the invaluable statistical accounts of Sir John Sinclair in 1792-5. We have the graphic and accurate description of MacCulloch in the excellent work already referred to. These, with a host of other witnesses equally trustworthy, although less known, leave nothing to be desired as to the nature and origin of the chronic poverty which still survives in some of the Hebrides. Counting among these some southern islands near the Clyde which have long ceased to belong to the same category, simply because they have long escaped from the same conditions, there were ninety-five inhabited islands and islets, including the far St. Kilda. In 1755 the total population amounted to about fifty-two thousand. In the short space of forty years they added to their numbers no less than twenty-three thousand two hundred

and sixty-six, or not very far short of fifty per cent. The distribution of this increase was as remarkable as its amount. In some of the smaller islands, the population had nearly doubled. These were in all cases islands in which not even the produce of the potato could support the increase. In the larger islands it was likewise along the wildest and most barren shores that the people were multiplying most. They were multiplying on a resource purely external—the trade in kelp—a trade which hung by a thread on highly protective duties and a fiscal system rotten to the core. This was an aggravating cause of a special and a local kind. But there was another cause far older in its origin, wider and deeper in its effects, which at that time was not local, but affected the whole of Scotland, in all districts in which the rising tide of innovation and improvement did not reach and did not submerge it. This cause was the profound and almost unfathomable ignorance and barbarism of the native agriculture, together with a traditional system of occupation, which, as it were, enshrined and encased every ancestral stupidity in an impenetrable panoply of inveterate customs. This language may sound harsh, or even unjust. And so it might be, if such language were not used in the strictest sense, and with a due application of the lesson to ourselves. We are all stupid in our various degrees, and each generation of men wonders at the blindness and stupidity of those who have gone before them. Man only opens his owl's eyes by gradual winks and blinks to the opportunities of nature, and to his own powers in relation to them. Let us just think, for example, of the case of preserving grass in "silos"—a resource only discovered, or at least recognized, within the last few years, yet a resource which supplies one essential want of agriculture in wet climates, at no greater cost of ingenuity or of trouble than digging a hole in the ground, covering the fresh-cut and wet material with sticks, and weighting it with stones.

There is, however, something almost mysterious in the helpless ignorance of Scottish rural customs up to the middle of the last century. We are tempted to ask, Was it a case of degradation? of development in a wrong direction, of the human mind given up so wholly to wars, and feuds, and plunder, that the most ancient of all arts had been neglected and forgotten? Is it possible that in the far home of the Aryan race, and of the other races

which burst upon Europe from the teeming East,—is it possible that they could have been bred upon an agriculture so rude and incapable of resource? I have heard officers of our Indian government declare that the Indian ryot has nothing to learn from the science or practice of the West—that he knows how to take full advantage of the soil, climate, and products with which he has to deal. It does almost look as if the Celtic and other tribes who moved westwards had never been sufficiently settled to master the new conditions under which they came to live. Explain them as we may, the facts are certain, as regards Scotland generally, and especially as regards the Highlands and islands, in proportion as these were most remote from the new centres of peaceful industry. In a country where there is a heavy rainfall, its inhabitants never thought of artificial drainage. In a country where the one great natural product was grass of exceptional richness and of comparatively long endurance, they never thought of saving a morsel of it in the form of hay. In a country where even the poorest cereal could only grow by most careful attention to early sowing, they never sowed till a season which postponed the harvest to a wet and stormy autumn. In a country where such crops required every bit of nourishment which the soil could afford to sustain them, they were allowed to be choked with weeds, so that the weed crop was greatly heavier than the corn. In a country where such straw as could be grown would have been invaluable for winter fodder or for many other purposes, the whole of it was destroyed by deliberate burning, because they did not know how otherwise to separate the grain. In a country where, consequently, the main subsistence of the people was in cattle, they had no winter provender for them, so that they died in hundreds every winter, and those that survived became more and more degenerate. In a country where by far the largest area of the whole was mountain and moor, this immense extent of fine natural pasture was used only in bits and patches during six weeks or two months of the year, and for the rest of it was abandoned to the wolf, the eagle, and the fox. Such is a literal abstract, and an abstract only, of the almost incredible barbarisms of the native agriculture.

But the worst of all the native customs was that one custom which agglutinated all the others into one impenetrable mass—the system of township holdings. This

is the system of which the so-called "crofter" townships are nothing but a survival. It was not a system peculiar to the Highlands or to the Hebrides. Croft is not a Celtic but rather an English word. Township holdings were universal in Britain during the Middle Ages, and not there only, but over a large part of Europe. It was almost a necessity arising out of the conditions of society under the barbarism of universal predatory violence. Men could only live with even tolerable security when they lived in communities. Excellent and even necessary for the purposes of defence, it was fatal to the entrance and beginnings of agricultural improvement. Village communities, living in communal customs, have now a flavor of sentiment and poetry about them — to us, most of whom have forgotten what they really were. It is a pure delusion to suppose that they represent our modern interest in small farms, or in allotments. Small farms may be excellent things, and so they certainly are excellent in many cases. Allotments also may be excellent things, and so they, too, are excellent under suitable conditions. Club-farms may succeed, too, although they are still in an experimental stage. But township farms are not like any one of these. They may be truly defined as farms held in a muddle, and cultivated higgledy-piggledy.

Another common delusion is that they represented some peculiar and independent tenure. But tenure has nothing to do with the matter. Township farms may be, and have been, held under any and all kinds of tenure. They may be held in a sort of customary copyhold. They may be held under long leases. In the Highlands they had no tenure at all, except that of tenants at will under the leaseholders of large farms. What they paid was no fixed rent, but as much in dues and services as could be extracted from them. The statutes of Iona establish this in a striking manner. The township system essentially consists, not in any particular tenure, but in the use to which the tenure, whatever it may be, is put. It is a habit of life, and a mode of occupation. The evils of it were purely practical and economic. But these evils are enormous and insuperable. There could be no advance in agriculture when no one man could hold his patch of cornland for more than one or two seasons — when even during those seasons it must remain undivided and unfenced from the other patches around him — when he could not have his cattle separated from those of other men

— when he could do nothing exceptional, nothing out of the established routine, nothing individual. It is impossible to say anything worse of any system. For, everything that "makes a man" is individual. Thrift is individual, ingenuity is individual, thoughtfulness is individual, the open eye, the receptive mind — all these are individual, and without individual freedom to act on individual gifts, everybody is kept down to one level, and that the level of the stupidest. Nobody could rise out of the ruts of custom. The township stood "four square to all the winds that blow," in every direction from which a single breath of intelligence could approach, or find admittance. Hence it is that the breaking up of the township communities into separate farms or holdings was the initial step in the agricultural improvement and the moral civilization not of Scotland only, but of England also. How late this change came is curiously forgotten now. I have found even highly educated and distinguished men profoundly ignorant of the very recent economic history of their own country and even of their own estates.

It is curious that two such men who have been prominent under the influence of sentiment, or of politics, or of diplomacy, in recommending to Parliament measures for arresting that great step in the progress of agriculture which consists in the gradual dissolution of the township system, are both of them men who are themselves in the possession and enjoyment of estates from which every single township has been swept away. The chairman of the Crofter (or Highland Township) Commission lives in that fine pastoral district of the southern Highlands which has been far more "cleared" than any portion of the northern Highlands or the islands. Suspecting the probability of some similar results, I had the curiosity to consult lately an excellent county history of Northumberland. I found that Sir George Trevelyan is the happy owner of a large estate — some eighteen thousand acres — which has swallowed up, I believe, not less than twelve old townships, and I should be much surprised to learn that one single specimen remains of the old "crofter" class of holding. In his speech on the Crofter Bill in the House of Commons, he seemed to try to make as moderate a use of popular delusions as was compatible with his case. But I think I recollect that he was eloquent to effusiveness on the cattle which he saw upon some Perthshire hills belong-

ing to a happy township at its foot. I doubt whether a single communal beast could now be seen anywhere on the long skylines of Simonside, or on the nearer hills which fall down into the pleasant valley occupied by his own wide domain. The local historian is eloquent on the old village greens in that district which are deserted now, and on the touching remains of the old township or crofter communities, with their maypoles and archery meetings, which can still be traced on the banks and braes of the pleasant Wansbeck.* And all this is no very old story. All over Northumberland the county is still divided into the old township areas; and until very lately, if not now, all local taxation was raised upon them. Far on in the last century the county was full of township holdings. I have good reason to believe that some of them held their place in the memory of living men. I doubt if one now survives. There, as elsewhere, the wealth and civilization and improvement of the country have rested entirely on the substitution of individual skill and knowledge and capital. It is the same thing all over the lowlands of Scotland. At dates so recent as to represent but yesterday in the national life, the whole country round Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Greenock was crowded with crofters—that is to say, with township holdings. Nor is this great economic change one which is confined to Britain. In Russia the “mir” is breaking up. In the Balkan Peninsula, among all its races, the simple village communities are in course of dissolution. Railways do it; steamboats do it; banks do it; new markets do it; above all, new aspirations do it. It begins with the family, in which patriarchal power breaks down. The girls want finer dresses, more costly ornaments. The boys want higher wages, and an earlier home than the village can afford. And so the subjects of the “Great White Czar” and the tenants on Bishop Strossmeyer’s episcopal domain are equally affected by common causes.† Even in India, in the “unchanging East,” Sir W. Hunter tells us that each civilizing act of the central government is a powerful solvent on the old village communities. It does for them something which of old they could only do by patriarchal combinations.‡ In our

own country this change is now almost forgotten in the blaze and triumph of the new conditions. Yet it is everywhere very recent.

In some districts it dates from the generation which was born after the union of the crowns. In many others it came, with a rush, on the immense development of industry after the union of the Parliaments. In yet a larger number it lasted for a hundred years longer, and was only effected in the beginning of the present century. In the old Hebridean area it survives to the present day, and is everywhere—except under very special conditions of intelligent authority exerted by improving ownership—accompanied by chronic poverty, ignorance, idleness, desolating customs, and by periodical scarcity amounting almost to famine.

Of this condition of things the Isle of Lewis is the typical example. It simply represents, in our civilized and industrial age, the barbarous ignorance and the wasteful customs which made Scotland the poorest country in the world some three centuries ago. It is a survival of the unfittest caused by isolation, and by the inveteracy of old Celtic usages. The only special condition affecting the people of that island is one which imperatively demands special and even exceptional industry to overcome the obstacles of nature. The whole of the outer Hebrides are mainly composed of the oldest, the hardest, the most obdurate rock existing in the world. It is the same rock which occupies a great area in Canada on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence. The soil which gathers on it is generally poor; but in the Lewis it is both very poor, and even what is comparatively good is often inaccessible. In its hollows stagnant waters have slowly given growth to a vegetation of mosses, reeds, and stunted willows. Gradually these have formed great masses and sheets of peat. Only along the margins of the sea, where calcareous and siliceous sands have mixed with local deposits of clay, are there any areas of soil which even skill and industry can make arable with success. The whole interior of the island is one vast sheet of black and dreary bog. So early as the twelfth century we hear of it as having been assigned by a Norse king to an inconvenient brother, whose absence, and, perhaps, whose starvation, was desirable. It seems to have been a short experiment. For a time he lived, we are told, “in great poverty,” and then the poor banished viking Olave fled in despair and explained

* Hodgson’s History of Northumberland, i. 277-8, etc.

† The Russian Peasantry, Stepanik, vol. i. The Balkan Peninsula, Laveleye, chap. ii.

‡ *Scottish Geog. Mag.*, December, 1888, p. 627, “Historical Aspects of Indian Geography.”

that the island could afford no living. In the devastating ages of the clans the population was more than decimated by the feuds and wars between the MacKenzies and the MacLeods. Ever since, its remoteness has walled it off from every rising tide which elsewhere gradually brought improvement. In vain in recent years did a great capitalist spend and sink his thousands on its unreclaimable morasses. Yet this is the area on which the natives have been multiplying at a rate which exceeds the rate of many thriving towns. At the beginning of this century the population was 9,168. By the last census of 1881 it was 25,487, an increase of one hundred and seventy-eight per cent. And this increase rested entirely on one source which is extraneous and precarious. It rested on fishing, and latterly on a particular system of fishing which depended wholly on the enterprise and capital of other men. The people were hired to man and to work boats at the herring fishery of the east coast. It would be unjust not to recognize the fact that this is an industry involving, very often, although for a short time, really hard work and much exposure. The same may be said of the old local industry of the manufacture of kelp. For a short time in the year that work was also hard, in cutting and collecting seaweed from the rocks, and dragging it to the shore. Activity by fits and starts — short seasons of exertion with long intervals of idleness and repose — such are the hereditary conditions natural to a people descended from a mixture of the Norsemen and the Celt. But never, even for a moment, has there been one step taken towards an improved cultivation of the soil. On the contrary, the continuous development of ruinous customs has brought the continuous evolution of decline. The evidence given lately before the Crofter Commission is almost unbelievable. Yet all the most striking facts are related and emphasized by the independent testimony of the local clergy both of the Established and Free Churches. As usual, great ignorance and great poverty are accompanied with exceptional improvidence. A youth is scarcely twenty when it behoves him to take a wife. There being no other means of subsistence, the father or father-in-law lets the young couple occupy a bit of his own holding, and a few stones covered with turf constitute a new home. Some people say that over-population is impossible, because with every mouth born there are born also two hands to feed it, and to afford a sur-

plus. Yes! if the hands will work, and if the brain is active, and if knowledge exists, and if industry and capital and enterprise have materials to work upon and markets to work for. But none of these "ifs" are fulfilled in Lewis. Trenching, draining, and fencing, so needful everywhere, and specially needful here, are operations either wholly unknown or rendered all but useless by the slovenly manner in which they are performed.

The ancient township customs lie heavy on every spirit. The question uppermost in every Lewis crofter's mind is, Why should he do differently from his fathers and his neighbors? There is no selection in the breeding of cattle. They are overcrowded in numbers, bred "in and in," and exposed to the feeding competition of a crowd of wretched horses, as useless as they are numerous. Then the arable land is managed with equal or even with greater ignorance. The seed is not selected — or, if selected at all, seems to be selected only on the old Hebridean idea, that the worst seed is good enough to sow. There is a kind of insane plausibility about this idea which we fail to appreciate in these Darwinian days. If a seed is good enough to germinate at all, what more can we ask of it to do? Why waste the fat plump seeds, rich in meal, which are evidently meant for human consumption, when the thin, lean, lanky grains will germinate quite as well? If the traditional Lewisian reasons at all, this is probably the reasoning which he would express. The ministers and other educated men remonstrate in vain. "It is really wild oats that they sow in some places," says the Free Church minister of Stornoway, in accents of despair. But then, by way of compensation, they pour in the wretched seed in such quantities that the "struggle for existence" reduces the whole of it to increasing feebleness. "They sow corn as if they were feeding hens, and plant potatoes as if they were dibbling beans."* They think the more they put in the more they will take out. In short, we have here a survival of the wretched husbandry of the lowest period of the military ages staring at us in the fierce light of our own scientific and industrial times. And it must be confessed that there are some men who return the stare with a stupefaction almost as phenomenal. They suggest that the State is to undertake the duty of renovating this little world of ancient chaos. The State

* Crofter Report, 1884. App. A, p. 183.

is to build better houses, the State is to lend money for better stock; the State is to lay down rules for better husbandry; the State is to charge itself not only with the enactment but with the enforcement of these rules; the State is to prevent early marriages and squatting. Some reformers go even farther. Lands which have been long redeemed from the reign of ignorance are to be "planted" with its roots and with its seeds again. And what is the end and aim of all this folly? The laws of nature cannot be suspended in favor of any men merely because they speak Gaelic. To "root these poor people in the soil," which they have not the knowledge, or the skill, or the industry to cultivate, which they have not the capital, nor a fraction of the capital, even to stock with the only beasts that can turn its comparative barrenness to the use of man — this is the panacea suggested to us. To root them in that soil is to bury them in a bog — a bog physical, a bog mental, and a bog moral. In dealing with one of the Lewis townships lately, Sheriff Brand, chairman of the Crofter Commission, seems to have been utterly confounded by the dense ignorance of the poor people, for not one single clear idea, or even statement of fact, could be got out of them. He is reported to have exclaimed that "it was awful, there was simply no dealing with them."* The old township or crofting system, except under conditions of control and of authority which the law has now seriously impaired, is a system fatal to the improvement of the people. It is a veritable cemetery for a noble race — a race full of all the capabilities of human improvement, if only it be freed from the ceremonies of that living grave. When Wolfe, in the darkness and silence of the night, was rowing across the broad St. Lawrence, leading his Highlanders to the capture of Quebec, he asked if any of the officers could repeat to him the famous elegy of the poet Gray on the country churchyard. There was one officer who could, and did. "I would rather," said Wolfe, "be the man that wrote that elegy than the man who takes yonder fortress." And Wolfe, though too modest, was not wholly wrong. The poet who makes us think, and think again, of the causes which keep down the human faculties, and of the intellectual wealth which lies undeveloped amongst the most humble and obscure, is at least not below the level of the great soldier who illustrates

this thought by lifting the men of a race long hated, and long misunderstood, to the heights of military renown. It was not Chatham, nor was it Wolfe, who first thought of what Highlanders could and would do, when uprooted from the bogs of immemorial routine. It was two native Highlanders, of the old mixed bloods, but of the new civilization and of the new culture.* And since that time the educated classes in the Hebrides have all streamed out into the open currents of the industrial world. They have become, in consequence, great soldiers, great lawyers, great governors, great jurists, great colonists; and, in exact proportion as they have become as mixed in habits as they have always been mixed in blood, they have left, and they will continue to leave, their poor "rooted" and sedentary countrymen at an immeasurable distance below them and behind them.

* Scotland as it was, and is (Douglas, Edinburgh), chap. vii. pp. 296-8.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ON THE SLOPES OF OLYMPUS.

ASIA MINOR is still a vast labyrinth of more or less unexplored memories of the past; travellers of to-day pay hurried visits to the cities near the coast, but in the interior, where lawless tribes and scattered nationalities forbid the approach of the ordinary wayfarer, there exists a sort of *terra incognita* to which only a few pioneers with more hardihood than intelligence have penetrated. This will be a future playground for the enterprising of the twentieth century, and when the line which is now in project is opened right through the heart of Asia Minor it will be possible for the traveller *en route* for India to pass a few pleasant days in places with which no one is now acquainted, and be carried to his destination through Mesopotamia, where he may search for traces of the Garden of Eden and the cradle of mankind.

The slopes of the Mysian Olympus and the town of Brusa at its feet may be visited now with a tolerable amount of safety. Brigandage, the scourge of Turkey, is kept fairly in check in this district, and Brusa is a town of extraordinary fascinations from a purely Turkish point of view, setting aside altogether episodes connected with Hannibal and legends of emperors of the Lower Empire. It was the Turkish capital before the Turks crossed

* Scotsman, Nov. 10, 1888.

to Europe, the point at which the Ottomans consolidated and nurtured their strength, and the earlier sultans of the race gloried in beautifying these glorious slopes with mosques and tombs, and in covering the healing springs which issue from the sides of this giant with quaint domed bath-buildings, rich in encaustic tiles.

Then we have the interests which centre in the modern Brusa, which has risen out of the ruins of fire and earthquake to become the great Oriental centre of the silk-trade, — "the Turkish Lyons," as the Frenchmen call it, thanks again to its giant mountain, which affords sheltered valleys for the growth of the mulberry-trees and rushing streams to work the mills. Finally we can indulge in speculation concerning the Brusa of the future. Vefyk Pasha, a man of extraordinary progress for a Turk, governed this *vilayet* after the great earthquake which ruined the town in 1855; he occupied his term of office in restoring and beautifying the town, with one object, that it might be ready to receive his sovereign and become the seat of government when the time came for quitting Constantinople. Old Turkey — that is to say, the Turks of to-day who adhere strictly to the tradition of Mohammedanism — looks upon Brusa as the future capital of a purely Asiatic Turkey, and the grave, as it has been the cradle, of their race, whereas young, go-ahead Turkey talks much about Sivas and its mercantile advantages for the prospective centre; this problem has yet to be worked out, and depends much on whether old or young Turkey prevails in the councils of the nation when the final hour of their rule in Europe arrives.

Polygamy, like many another Turkish institution, is fast disappearing from amongst them; a few rich pashas may indulge in the luxury or the reverse of a multiplication of wives, but amongst ordinary individuals, the *suredgis* or horse-owners alone take advantage of the Koran's permission to multiply wives, finding it convenient to have female agents at the different places they frequent. There is a celebrated *suredgi* at Brusa who is reported to have one wife at Brusa, another at Modania, where the steamer stops, and another at Constantinople, to keep him informed of the possible advent of visitors. At any rate he was fully aware of our intention to visit Brusa, and secured us as his victims by travelling with us on the steamer; he is a truly active fellow, and drove us for the three hours between Modania and Brusa, up the hills and

through oceans of mud, at a pace which astonished us, and made us tremble for the survival of his horses and his rickety carriage. When a trace broke he mended it with his waistband, when a horse fell in the mud he set it up again as if it had been a ninepin, and during the avenue gallop, which extended from the bridge which Nilofer, the charitable wife of Sultan Orchan, is said to have built, right up to the door of Madame Brotte's hotel in the outskirts of Brusa, his driving was worthy of King Jehu himself.

Our charioteer, as we drove along, cast many a scornful glance and uttered many a sarcastic sneer at his fallen rival, namely, the ruined railway which ran for some distance by the side of the road. It was Vefyk Pasha, the great benefactor of Brusa, who constructed it, and being only thirty-five miles in length it was completed at the cost of £20,000; its ruins, as seen to-day, are a monument of Turkish imbecility and the grievances of bondholders. The rails were laid, stations were built, the rolling-stock was bought, before the collapse came. Now you see the loose rails straying down the sides of the embankments ready for the peasants to carry away; the culverts are nearly all destroyed; goats browse in what should be the station booking-offices; and at Modania a shed contains the fast-decaying remnants of the rolling-stock.

Poor Vefyk Pasha must gnash his teeth, if he has any left, when he sees his life's work thus destroyed; he is now a very old man, and lives in retirement in his pretty wooden kiosk on the Bosphorus, and Hakki Pasha reins at Brusa in his stead. We had a letter of introduction which we presented in person to his Excellency Hakki Pasha, and we found him an illiterate retrograde Turk, who delights in letting all the improvements executed by his predecessor fall into decay. Vefyk had the plain below Brusa thoroughly drained; Hakki prefers to put into his own pocket the money which ought annually to be spent in keeping this up, with the natural result that after heavy rains the plain is almost impassable, owing to floods, as we found to our cost; and in the train of floods in this climate come fevers and all the evils which Vefyk by his energy had surmounted.

After being Oriental, Brusa is French. It has a French consul, and merchants from Lyons flock here for raw material, and French *graineurs*, after the cocoon harvest, haunt the slopes of Mount Olympus and effect their purchases in its happy

valleys. Every Frenchman you meet at Brusa is loud in his praises of Vefyk Pasha. You get quite tired of his name when you have heard how he built the carriage road along which we came; how he constructed the railway; how he saw that good hotels were built; how he drained the marshes; how he introduced the rose-culture, and settled refugees from the rose-growing districts after the last war; how he brought water from a source high up in the mountains, to the great benefit of the silk-trade; how he built ovens in which to kill the grubs; how he protected Christians and put down brigandage. Ahmet Vefyk Pasha was indeed a great man in the vilayet of Brusa, and second only to him in French estimation is Madame Brotte, who keeps such an excellent hostelry and table for the Lyons merchants who come over here to buy silk. At her table, all the year round, you may eat wild boar and game from Mount Olympus, and discuss delicious things in cream which comes from her own dairy. Her husband was a factory-owner himself, but he died, poor man, and his widow has turned his factory into a hotel, and with her factotum Homer, a young Greek from a neighboring village, she administers to the wants of the visitor so well that he forgets he is in the wilds of Asia Minor, in the haunts of the brigand and the nomad tribes. But he will not forget it next morning when he issues forth into the streets, and if he has not been very far East indeed, he will never have seen anything so Oriental as Brusa or so beautifully quaint.

The city is plastered on the slopes of the snow-capped Olympus, lies buried in rank verdure, and echoes with the murmur of many streams. Brusa, in fact, comes up as nearly to the reality of a drop scene at a theatre, or a Turnerian glimpse at Paradise, as one is likely to see on this side the grave, and yet it is not sleepy and dull, as most beautiful places are. Close to Madame Brotte's establishment are many factories of silk, at the mouth of a lovely gorge; and, inasmuch as water is here the motive power and not coal, we find no chimneys belching forth their nature-destroying breath, and industry, when it does not destroy the beauties of nature, is a pleasure and not a horror to look upon. The operatives in these factories are, for the most part, Greek and Armenian girls. In the earthquake of 1855 a whole factory, with sixty girls at work, fell down and buried them in its ruins; but a new factory has been built on this cemetery, and a new race of girls

were busily at work when we visited it, as if unconscious of the wholesale destruction which was buried beneath them. These girls are content with the average wages of sixpence a day, which, seeing that they eat only vegetables, olives, bread, and oil, is ample, and no complaints of a sweating system are here heard of.

The younger hands are employed in boiling the cocoons, while the more experienced undertake the harder task of threading them on to the meshes. Each girl sits before her tank of boiling water, in which the cocoons are immersed, and by her side she has a tank of cold into which to plunge her hands from time to time, and every evening she dips them in vitriol to harden the skin. The great art seems to be deftly to join the ends so as to produce an even and true thread, and this is only acquired by years of experience. The smell of the boiling cocoons is very noisome, and the heat very oppressive. No wonder that the girls are, for the most part, sallow and unhealthy; but then many of them have very fine profiles and beautiful large eyes. In fact, so attractive did the gay young men of Brusa find the sixty girls in the imperial factory, that it has been found necessary to put up Turkish blinds before the windows, for they would congregate outside and greatly interfere with the diligent attention of the maidens to their business.

Just now in the East the rage is for the Brusa gauzes, and the silk-stalls in the bazaars may be seen piled high with materials, around which veiled ladies bargain with astounding volubility. There are scarfs, shawls, turbans, yashmaks, of marvellously fine texture, characteristically bordered with designs in white and silver, or in colors and gold, evolved, for the most part, out of the Turkish alphabet. The old test of drawing a silk shawl through a finger ring is easily surpassed by this wonderfully fine Brusa fabric, a whole pile of which can be easily crushed into the palm of the hand. Knowing Turkish ladies call this fabric *Selimieh*, and always ask for it in preference to any other, the name being given to it because it was invented in the reign of the sultan Selim. Every occupant of the harem knows how to choose a good piece of *Selimieh*, and inasmuch as they use it not only to cover their bodies but to cover their divans, almost the only article of furniture used in a Turkish house, one can easily understand that silk manufacture is a paying concern.

Close to the silk-factories are establish-

ments for diamond-polishing, a rising industry here in Brusa, for as skilled workmen are content with half-a-crown a day for doing work which in Paris would cost twelve shillings, no wonder the French diamond-polishers prefer to send their stones here, and run the risk of the journey that the handsome marginal profit may find its way into their own pockets. The same streams which work the silk-factories and the wheels for polishing diamonds work also a large number of mills for grinding corn. Altogether, the force of water has brought much prosperity to this locality, which is capable of still further development, and if it were not for those insidious microbes which have of late years attacked the Brusa silkworms, one might prophesy a satisfactory future for the place. Several naturalists from France are now assembled there, trying their best to discover a means of exterminating these destroyers of Brusa's prosperity, but they meet with little assistance from the peasant breeders of the worms, who are intensely superstitious and believe still in the effects of the evil eye, which makes them anxious to conceal their treasures from the glance of an infidel Giaour.

So much for the industries on the slopes of Mount Olympus. Besides these nature has provided the inhabitants of this favored spot with another source of subsistence. All along the slopes to the south of the town issue warm healing streams excellent for the cure of rheumatic affections; these streams have from time to time been covered with charming old bath-houses, many of them dating from epochs anterior to the time of the Turkish occupation; rich philanthropists have handsomely endowed these bath-houses at various times, so that not only are the buildings kept in good repair, but also the poor man can get his bath for nothing, and the money which the rich bather thinks it consistent with his dignity to give belongs exclusively to the attendant shampooers. The old bath-house, as it is called, is Byzantine work, and history tells us how a certain empress came here to bathe with a retinue of four thousand persons; this old bath-house has served as a copy for the newer, and perhaps more magnificent, ones which adorn the hill-slopes with their many domes. All of them are lovely inside with faience and those much-prized tiles of Brusa manufacture; over the entrance to one is a long Turkish inscription, which tells us how it was built by the grand vizier of Sultan

Solyman the Magnificent, who had benefited by a course of baths. In this bath was once kept the famous talismanic stone which cured every pain to which it was applied, but which, unfortunately for the present generation of bathers here, has been stolen, and no one knows where it is to be found.

Other bath-houses are built at the village of Grasshopper, some two miles from the town, which contains streams rich in iron and sulphur; at this village too a large hotel, the Bithynia, has been constructed for the benefit of those who come to take the waters. It is the great rendezvous of the inhabitants of Brusa; on a holiday afternoon you see them coming on foot, on mules, and in carriages, with their bundles containing towels and toilet requirements, and they seem to revel in the fetid stench which rises from the sulphureous stream, and which fills the large domed building with steam; and the water, which is heated by nature alone, is so hot that no furnaces are required. Here in Pliny's days stood a temple of *Æsculapius*, and for centuries has this healing stream continued to work its cures on rheumatic Orientals. Perhaps some day, when travelling in Asia Minor is rendered more secure and accommodation improves, the baths of Brusa may again acquire the reputation they had in the days long gone by.

The beauties of the giant mountain of Brusa are not easily exhausted; we loved to wander there, far from the din and dirt of the busy Eastern city. Still the Turks call it "the Mountain of the Monks," and still to them it is as sacred as it was in the days of the Lower Empire, when its slopes were covered with the cells of anchorites and holy men. The Turks, in fact, have always carefully preserved any heritage of sanctity possessed by any place which has fallen into their power. Old Byzantine churches have been converted into mosques; old places of pilgrimage have been respected and allowed to retain their customs and their rites, and in like manner the slopes of Olympus, held sacred by the orthodox in days of yore, are now held sacred by the enthusiasts of Islam. From the time of the conquest it has been the haunt of santons, abdals, dervishes, poets, and men of learning, whose tombs are dotted over the mountain, and held sacred by the Mussulmans of to-day; five hundred, I was told, of Islam's most noted men lie buried under the shadow of the mountain, which is the Westminster Abbey of the race. Each tomb has its own

special virtues and its own special legend, and in wandering amongst them you are carried back in memory to the brave deeds of the early Ottomans who made all the kingdoms of Europe to quake before them.

Far away up the mountain-side is a tomb very dear to Mussulman pilgrims, being the tomb of the "Father of the Deer," a fanatical Turk who lived up there in Sultan Orchan's time, and who, says the legend, had a tame herd of deer, on one of which he rode to battle at Sultan Orchan's bidding, and wielding a huge sword in his hand, he threw terror and death broadcast amongst the enemy. Nomad tribes with flocks and herds now wander over this mountain and amid these tombs, and those who wish to reach the summit and return in safety would do well either to take ample protection or to join a cavalcade which goes every night in summer-time to fetch snow from the summit, which they cut in large blocks, two of which form the load of each mule. This cavalcade returns at nine o'clock in the morning to Brusa with their burden of coolness for the vendors of sherbet and other delicious summer drinks. Though Vefyk Pasha succeeded pretty well in clearing his vilayet of brigands, he could do little to check the depredations of those nomad gentlemen who dwell on Olympus, and are ever ready to dispossess an unprotected visitor of any valuables he may have with him; hence the advantage of joining the snow-cavalcade. Also, if the traveller chances to be there he may ascend Olympus with perfect safety with the priest or *imam*, who goes there to catch the first glimpse of the new moon in the month Chevali, which marks the beginning of the Ottoman year; and those who ascend when the atmosphere is clear will be amply rewarded if they are lovers of the wilder beauties of nature; but, to tell the truth, when they get beyond the radius of the tombs and the nomad tribes they may as well return, for any other mountain nearer home will do just as well for an acrobatic feat, and be infinitely safer.

Months might be spent before the interests which lie outside the walls of Brusa would be exhausted, and then the precincts of the town itself are filled with delightful studies both of the present and of the past. First let us glance at the *Muradih*, or nest of tombs and sacred buildings erected round the mosque tomb where the remains of the great Sultan Murad repose. It is, in its placid beauty, a perfect study of old-world Turkish ideas and customs, and in

its walls can be read the character as well as the history of this strange race. You approach the sacred enclosure by an avenue of rose-trees, backed up by plane-trees of surprising age and girth; above these tower splendid cypress-trees, and around you flourish on all sides rank verdure and natural gardens amid these neglected tombs; through openings in these glimpses of the giant mountain appear, a perpetual joy of which none can tire. In the central building of rich red bricks, with patches of green moss clinging picturesquely to the dome, is the tomb of Sultan Murad, and by the side of his tomb are the veritable turbaned headdresses which he wore at the feast of Ramazan when he was in the flesh. Not far from this tomb, in another domed building, reposes the body of Prince Djem, that unfortunate prince with whom Christendom played in the days when the might of Turkey caused terror to the strongest of European potentates. Adjoining is the tomb of the daughter whom the Greek emperor Constantine gave to the sultan's harem in exchange for a few years of peaceful possession of Constantinople. Here, too, may be seen the tomb of a pasha with the veritable three horse-tails still fastened to the staves at the head of his grave, and one recalls, on seeing them, the story of that brave Turkish general who cut off the tail of a dead horse and fixed it to the point of a lance, and with the aid of this novel standard rallied his scattered forces, conquered the enemy, and thereby founded the distinction of horse-tail pashas.

All these tombs are covered with bright-colored encaustic tiles, and the *mollah* who is in charge must make much of this nest of tombs, for he demanded from us a fresh fee for admittance into each. This mosque tomb of Sultan Murad's has its adjoining *medresseh* and *imaret*, that is to say, its school and almshouses, both quaint, old-world buildings, and both of which were endowed by the founder in 1365, and there is little doubt that the method of conducting them is little altered from that day to this. The *medresseh*s are primeval Moslem institutions, supported by funds arising from the mosque property, to which they are attached like our universities. Here the softas, ulemas, imams, k yatibs, all graduate, and their course of study is as antiquated as it well can be. The pupils sit on carpets in their several cells, poring over the interpretation of old traditions—the Mussulman theological course, that is to say; the various branches

of their language, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are taught there, and beyond these things the student at a medresseh learns little else, except perhaps to waste time, and many of them are well advanced in years before they obtain their diplomas. It was amusing to us to watch the students lounging about their shady courtyard, some asleep, some nearly so, and one and all taking study, as the Moslems take everything, with exceeding leisure.

The imaret was even quaintier than the college; outside two boys with huge wooden hammers were busily engaged in grinding corn in a round marble basin; within we found ourselves in a vast gloomy kitchen with blackened rafters and old-fashioned utensils; in one corner stood the large cauldrons in which the soup is cooked, in another were the appliances for baking that soft bread in which the Turks rejoice. At the appointed hour many poor from Brusa assembled here with their tin bowls for the reception of the dole, and if you are not afraid of coming in close contact with these miserable specimens of humanity, you will see much that is interesting both in custom and costume.

This compact nest of buildings around the tomb of Sultan Murad, and known collectively as the Muradieh, forms a sufficient study in itself for many days, and to my mind surpasses, both in beauty and quaintness, the far-famed green mosque of Brusa, with its walls clothed with rich enamelled faience, even though the imam there will show you two wax candles, on two fine bronze sticks, standing on either side of the *mihrab*, which he will tell you have never been extinguished since they were lit by the founder of this mosque, the Sultan Mahomed I.; and certainly in its commanding position on the slopes of Olympus, the mosque and tomb of Mahomed I. forms one of the chief features of Brusa, whereas Murad buried himself and his buildings in a retired valley and made his minarets less pretentious.

Many mornings may be passed in the study of these mosques and their historical lore, but perhaps the lovely old citadel will conjure up even more pleasing remembrances. This was the citadel in which Prusa, the king of Bithynia, had his palace, the legendary founder of the town; here, too, he received Hannibal as his guest, and the view from the plateau within the old Roman walls is perfectly exquisite. Here in the days of the Byzantine occupation stood the Greek church

of the prophet Elias, and here after the Ottoman Turks became masters of the town were buried the bodies of the founders of the race, namely, the sultans Osman and Orchan; but in the great earthquake these tombs were destroyed, a fire having previously burnt the symbols of investiture of the first sultan, which were kept here, and which were sent to him by the sultan of Iconium as a definite recognition of independence when the Ottoman Turk showed that he was the proper person to lead Islam on to victory. Two miserable green erections have of late years been put up to cover the spot where the tombs of these first sultans once stood, and Abdul Hamid, the present occupant of the throne, has decorated these tombs with the order of Osmanieh, and furthermore he sent Brussels carpets to cover the floor, and French chandeliers to hang from the ceilings, and second-rate drawing-room curtains to pull over the windows, enough to raise the shades of those valiant heroes whose battle-axes won for Turkey her position amongst nations.

When the caravans from central Asia passed through Brusa instead of Smyrna, the bazaars were more important than they are now, but still they are delightfully Oriental and a pleasant contrast to those of Constantinople, where the foreigner is the butt and prey of the eager vendors. Without the molestation from irrepressible touts you may wander down the numerous branches and alleys which deviate from the main thoroughfare which forms the commercial centre of Brusa. In one of these you watch the spoonmakers seated cross-legged at their counter, which is seat, frontage, and workshop all in one, busily occupied in producing spoons in boxwood, horn, and tortoise-shell, the slender handles of which are very prettily engraved and usually tipped with a bit of coral to avert the evil eye. Then in another alley much time may be spent in watching the engravers of talismans and seals, and of course if you have been interested in the silk-factories the piles of Brusa gauze and rich objects in silk will call for some attention; also the carpenters, who are busy in the preparation of quaint chairs, and cradles for Turks yet unborn.

But those who are brave, and in search of genuine oddities, will not be content with the *sparbazaar*, as it is called, where the curiosity-vendors of Brusa congregate, and try to tempt the ignorant visitor with such objects of Birmingham manufacture

as have not met with a prompt sale at Constantinople; but they will penetrate far, far into the labyrinthine recesses of the place, until they have reached a bazaar with a very ugly name indeed, a locality known to all Turks, but to few strangers, as the "Louse Bazaar," where old clothes, old arms, old rags, old everything, lie piled in hopeless confusion, and suggest, without any doubt, the presence of those irritating animals after which the bazaar is named. In the centre is its white mosque, quite plain and unadorned, and only to be distinguished from a white-washed cottage by its minaret; here the old-clothes vendors can run to pray at the appointed seasons. This mosque is shaded by three plane-trees, beneath which is a fountain, at which the old-clothes vendors can perform very necessary ablutions, and slake their thirst. The Louse Bazaar has likewise its tea-vendor, its biscuit-vendor, and all the makings of a small though uncleanly society, and in this paradise the European bric-à-brac hunter may pick up, if he is patient and does not object to sitting near questionable rags, and drinking tea from a cup of questionable cleanliness, all sorts of stray curiosities which have found their way to Brusa from the centre of Asia Minor, and have not yet been sifted and appropriated by the Jews of the more respectable haunts of curiosity-hunters.

Mount Olympus is often enveloped in clouds, and when this happens down pours the rain at Brusa, and the rushing streams are turned into veritable cataracts by the increased vigor added to them. This occurred to our cost at the termination of our sojourn there. Before us was spread a vast sheet of water caused by the floods, and these floods must be passed through if we wished to catch the steamer at Modania. I am confident that if we had had any other driver than the one who brought us, we should never have got through the surging waters which boiled and foamed around our carriage, and made Nilofer's quaint high bridge stand out alone like an islet in the centre of a lake. More than once our Jehu stopped hopelessly, fearing, he said, lest he should lose the road track and we should be swept away; but eventually we got through our difficulties, and growled in concert at the folly of the new pasha who has allowed the excellent drainage works of his predecessor to go into disrepair, and thus brought back again to the plain of Brusa the pestilential floods.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From The Spectator.

THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.—A HARD AND DIFFICULT CASE.

AN act was passed in the last days of the late Parliamentary session to expedite the fulfilment of that task which has been assigned to the Crofter Commission in Scotland. The tribunal has wrought with exemplary diligence and with signal courage, tempered by a wise discrimination. Nevertheless, a large amount of business waits to be overtaken. The plan adopted to further its performance is to enlarge the staff, and to split responsibility. Hitherto, a commissioner could not act alone. Henceforth, each of the three may do so, if aided by two assessors. A great increase of speed, it is easy to see, will thus be attained. Should the auxiliaries be well qualified, the result may prove as satisfactory as those which have been arrived at. They differ very widely; it is sometimes difficult to understand by what principle they have been governed; but there has been a notable absence of any disposition to impugn them, and where criticism has been ventured on, it has turned out inept and futile.

Before the holidays, two big clusters of fresh decisions were issued. They affect the island of Lewis and the west of Sutherlandshire. As happened formerly, the additional cases from the latter county are distinguished by the smallness of those rent-reductions which have been decreed. The awards embrace three hundred and thirty small tenancies in the parish of Assynt. The earlier judgments affected a pacific population in its southern part. The diminution of rental that has been ordered there amounts only to six per cent., a smaller change than that enjoined in any other instance. Moreover, only half the applicants will be thus benefited. A fourth of them remain as they were, while another fourth have been adjudged to pay more than they were paying. The arrears were insignificant as respects number and amount. In a majority of instances they were confined to a year's payment, though in some they ran to two. Twenty-two and a half per cent. of them has been cancelled. Further north, non-payment has been systematically practised for a considerable period. With rent-repudiation there was conjoined occasional outbreaks of disturbance, the sole example of such disorder on the estate. It would seem, however, that some of the occupiers were pinched with greater severity than elsewhere. Their plight was not nearly so galling as that of their countrymen in

the islands, but they were straitened beyond others of the Sutherland tenantry. Hence the reductions made in the remaining hundred and ninety-two cases bring up the average over all to thirteen per cent. In particular instances, as in that of Chashmore, which has acquired an unenviable notoriety, it reaches to twenty-three. Still, the general result comes far below any previous determination; in all, about seventy persons have had their rents raised, and an equal number have been left as they were, — the proportions so dealt with being almost equal in both ends of the district; and it seems indisputable there existed every desire to pursue a kindly, considerate style of management, so that if those who had just cause for complaint had taken the right way to give it expression, relief would have been spontaneously afforded them. This is so even as regards requests that have been preferred for an enlargement of holdings, the first that have been submitted to the commissioners. They have deferred pronouncing upon them; but they will be spared any difficulty in complying with the stringent conditions that are laid down as regards such cases in the act they have to administer; for the estate-managers have been beforehand with them, and have given thought to the subject with a desire to carry out feasible improvements of that sort. Thus, the chances are that instead of pronouncing any positive fiat, the commissioners will merely have to interpose their sanction so as to validate a voluntary arrangement. It deserves also to be noted that, as in the cases from the east part of the county previously decided, the tenants whose rent has been raised have already been informed the augmentation will not be exacted.

The Lewis cases stand forth in sharpest contrast with those from Sutherland. The story they disclose is exceedingly distressing. It tells of good purposes foiled, of generous munificence lavished without beneficent result, of large enterprises designed to mate a business character with patriotism and philanthropy that have encountered frustration and produced only disappointment. The late Sir James Matheson expended a great fortune upon the island. He bought it at a cost of £190,000. In a short time he disbursed much more than an equal sum in the relief of poignant distress, and in the promotion of such improvements as would lift its inhabitants above the worst hazards of a recurrence. During the famine years, which ensued soon after his acquisition

of it, he fed the starving folk at his own charges, the outlay going beyond £30,000. A sum of more than £100,000 went in reclaiming land. Equal to a fourth of that amount was spent in road-making. Large subsidies were given to the maintenance of steamboat communication and an improved mail service. Well-nigh £12,000 was devoted to school-buildings and the augmentation of teachers' salaries. The crofters are also, for the most part, fishermen, and a good deal was done, though not so much as wisely might have been, to facilitate their labors in that capacity, alike as respects catch, cure, and marketing. Moreover, with the view of providing other employments, brick-works were established, and a great sum was sunk upon chemical experiments intended to utilize the peat with which the island abounds. An utterly inadequate return was derived from all this unstinted expenditure, though its outlay was regulated by advice deemed informed and trustworthy. Its gross amount, beyond the purchase-price, and independent of the capital spent on Stornoway Castle and grounds, mounts to over £260,000. Sad to say, much of it was wasted. The result has been naught. The mass of the people are no whit better off than they were half-a-century ago. They are as distressed now as they were ordinarily then, and, it must be added, as impracticable. They have more intercourse with the outer world, but it has had little effect in changing their condition. Capable of arduous and persevering toil, if it be of a sort that pleases them and gives promise of a reward both sure and proximate, they are, for the most part, indolent and unenterprising. Their surroundings are undoubtedly far from favorable. The island contains about four hundred thousand acres, of which little more than the fortieth part is arable. The soil is poor everywhere, except on alluvial holms; the climate rigorous; the population very redundant. In the year 1851 it was under eighteen thousand, and was thought too numerous then; thirty years later it had grown to more than twenty-six thousand, — that is, more than the whole of Sutherlandshire contains, though Sutherland is three times larger. Maculloch, in his book on the western Highlands, writes of them as "being of pure Danish origin, although speaking unmixed Gaelic." He adds: "It would not be easy to mistake them for Highlanders: fat and fair, with ruddy complexion and blue eyes, their manners are mild and pleasing." Some change has passed on them, though they

continue picturesquely peculiar, and unite acuteness with simplicity. Their soil remains niggardly unfertile. In Sir John Sinclair's first "Statistical Account," published in 1797, it is described as "of little utility to beasts, of none to man, all covered with heath." The statement in 1834 was: "There is a green line round the seashore; but throughout the interior it is black as ink, bare of everything, almost of heath itself."

The crofting population number twenty-two thousand five hundred, their land being divided into twenty-nine hundred tenancies, the average rental of which was £2 17s. per croft. The applications to have fair rents fixed which have been disposed of number six hundred and seven. The changes ordered have been most sweeping. The reductions, which in some instances run up to more than fifty per cent., average thirty-six; while arrears, often extending back four or five years in wholesale series, have been cancelled at the average rate of eighty per cent. What the effect will be, it is impossible to divine. The agricultural rent of the island seven years ago was nominally more than £12,000 a year. Of this, fully one-third was derived from a few sheep-farmers who hired pasturage for big flocks. It has declined all over of late, though the sums obtained from other sources may have risen. This compensation, in so far as it came from the tenants of deer-forests, has recently fallen off. With the decline of the rental, there has ensued no decrease of local taxation. The movement tends rather to aggravate what was a burden of almost intolerable weight. The poor-rates and education rates are higher in the Lewis than anywhere else. Taken along with other taxes, they approximate to 10s. in the £1, and have been known in some parishes to exceed that huge sum. Half the amount on rentals exceeding £4 is paid by the life-proprietrix; while she is responsible for the whole levy on sums below that figure. As it is, financial difficulties that threaten to culminate in bankruptcy beset the local authorities, and no outlet from the quagmire wherein they are entangled, of a sort that will receive the sanction of existing law, can be suggested by the most ingenious. Something ought to be devised for the relief of pressing embarrassments; while, beyond the problem of meeting the troubles of the hour, how permanently to better the condition of the island is an enigma the magnitude and gravity of which have no parallel in the Highlands. The crofters must get

more land if they are to remain in any numbers where they are, and the hapless cottars, who at present make shift with none, must be raised to a like level; but it would be undesirable to suppress the system of middle-sized farms, which is no innovation; and if they are to be retained or multiplied, the cultivatable soil is not large enough to make room for all. Some, therefore, must go, unless industry and trade can be marvellously developed; yet if they are to go willingly, no stronger inducements can be held out than those Sir James Matheson proffered with little avail. Forty years since he was willing to forgive all debts, to buy their cattle from the crofters if they could find no other purchaser, to provide a passage to Canada, and, if a sufficient number volunteered, to send with them pastors and teachers. The Scottish secretary and his advisers are not likely to do more. They may have better success, though it is to be feared the Lewis men are too conservative and too gregarious to depart readily from the ways of their fathers and their fellows. The main reliance must be placed on an increase of knowledge to furnish a clue that will guide through the mazes of this labyrinth.

From All The Year Round.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S STUDENT
DAYS.

THE "fire-eating" speeches, the restless energy, rapid movements, and distant journeys of the new emperor William have only shown as yet his outside character, but very little of his private manners or of his settled policy. He is still an unknown quantity in the calculations of Europe; we cannot reckon on the unknown, or trust in the untried. Hence, perhaps, arise the fears with which he sometimes is regarded. But in his character I see no causes for misgivings, and I have watched him from a boy. During his school career he was a model of the studious German youth. He took his place as a common pupil in the public school at Cassel, and played and studied with the other scholars. At the final examination he was, indeed, only tenth on the list; but then he was two years younger than his mates, and was rightly considered to have done so well that his tutor was immediately knighted. There is no cramming system in Germany; he passed without aid or favor.

At the University of Bonn I have sat on the same benches with him, and seen him, with his little note-book, writing down, like a hard-worked reporter, nearly all the professor uttered in his lectures on the great German authors, or on the genius of our own Shakespeare. The prince was anxious also to study subjects not just then in the curriculum, and for these the professors attended at his rooms. Day by day I have seen him riding out in the afternoon for exercise, dressed in his stiff military cap, and long boots, and simple blue jacket, as hussar, and nodding courteously to all who greeted him. Day by day I have been with him in the swimming-baths in the Rhine, and seen him plunging off the spring-board with his cousin, the Prince of Meiningen, who accompanied him as adjutant. They would both spring fearlessly, head-foremost, from the highest point of the board, and plunge, and dive, and swim with great dexterity, sometimes swimming under the water the whole length of the bath, sometimes watching others plunge or dive for things thrown in. I remember them joining in the half-pitying laugh which arose when an American (an ex-president's son) who had brought an umbrella to the baths, and was whirling it round and round, let it slip into the Rhine. Many were glad of the mishap, and dived in glee to seek this new Nibelungen treasure. Even Prince William and his friends made some attempts; but all in vain. I fortunately had come fresh to the baths, and diving, groped for the umbrella along the ground, for the dun waters of the Rhine exclude the light, till, exhausted, I had to emerge without the "gamp." I had dived, perhaps, with an air of confidence, and I now perceived a grin of ridicule and disappointment in the bathers when my hands were seen without the "find." But in rising, still groping with my feet, I caught the leviathan between my toes, and I remember the cheer of princes and all as I held it aloft in the water and opened it out to the sun.

Meiningen usually sprang immediately after the prince, whom he had to protect from a crowd of irrepressible bathers, mostly English schoolboys, who kept hovering round the baths like long, bare-legged, shivering cranes, waiting, half maliciously, for an opportunity to spring upon him in the stream. I have seen groups of these English fellows purposely plunge pell-mell after the princes, sometimes lighting on their heads in the water, and splashing them with the spray. In-

deed, on one occasion, I actually found myself unwittingly thus jumping on the head of the present emperor, and was thrown on my back in the water by his rising up between my feet. But the English boys took a special delight in pestering the prince, not only in the baths, but in boating, on the promenade, and about the university and town. It is said that William does not like the English; and, indeed, it is not surprising.

Yet Prince William never showed any irritation at all this annoyance, which could certainly have been punished. He remained placid and indifferent to their personal insults, and in the end he outwore his tormentors, and, by his continued gentleness, he actually won their hearts and turned them into admirers.

By the professors, however, the prince was treated with an almost servile adulation, and he won their esteem and love. He had them all in turn to dinner at his rooms in a villa which overhung the Rhine, with the honeysuckle, clematis, and Virginia creepers reaching over and down the garden walls almost to the water's edge.

The queen sent him out from England a splendid boat, costing nearly two hundred pounds; but he used it very little, and it generally lay moored by the bank beneath his garden, idly rocking in the ripple of the Rhine.

But he took part heartily in all the amusements common among German students, namely, beer-drinking, duelling, torch-light processions, carriage-driving, bathing, and in winter, sledging. I do not think he ever fought a real duel; but he mingled freely with the duellers, and in *Kneipen* (drinking-bouts), and torch-light serenades, sipping and sitting with the sippers of light German beer till late into the night.

In 1878, the sixtieth anniversary of the University of Bonn occurred. The anniversary of everything, the birthday of everybody, is made the occasion of a feast or holiday in Germany. A drinking-bout, a torch-light serenade, or a driving round the town, are their usual manifestations. And at Bonn this day was celebrated with a royal pomp, in which the present emperor took part. At dusk a thousand students met outside the town, and fell into marching order four abreast. In front of the procession rode five heralds, girt with sword and helmet, and dressed in gorgeous array; top boots, white trousers, velvet coats, large velvet caps with tall white feathers. These opened a way through

the people-packed streets; then came eight nobles with an emblazoned banner; and then the president of the Nobles' Corps, in a carriage with four white, prancing steeds, with mounted escorts behind, and right and left, of his carriage. The students in the Nobles' Corps then marched four deep behind their president, each with his flaming torch. Foremost of these was the present emperor, and by his side were his cousins, the Duke of Baden, the Prince of Meiningen, and the Duke of Oldenburg. All the students then came on in order of their corps, whilst those unattached to any corps took rank with their faculty—theology, medicine, law, or arts. Before each corps and faculty rode its representative and escorts, with gaudy banners and multi-colored uniforms and horses caparisoned as if for Eastern kings.

This long procession of a thousand torches, with five bands of music, wound slowly through the streets to the house of the university rector, which they rapidly surrounded, raising the while a threefold hurrah. The rector came to the balcony and made a speech in clear, ringing tones, which fell out on the dim sea of human faces glimmering in the torchlight glare and hushed and silent as the night. The scene was indeed impressive, and not easily forgotten. All classes of the citizens were present there, and students from every province, the imperial prince, the proud aristocrats, the poorest students and city porters, all listening with suppressed enthusiasm to their intellectual head, who spoke the very spirit of the scene—for he rightly emphasized their common love of emperor and Fatherland, and the unanimity of all to make and keep their country good and great. Suddenly around the rector's house arose a many-colored, fleecy glow of Bengal lights, while all the throng commenced to sing the National Hymn. The procession then marched back through the town, and, in accordance with ancient custom, surrounded the market-place in a single blazing line of torches. The centre of the square was cleared, and the command passed to all the students to meet in the Beethoven Hall in twenty minutes; then, at a given signal, Prince William hurled his torch high into the air, and, making a graceful curve, it fell right in the centre of the square. Then each student, grasping his flaming brand with both his hands, about a yard apart, shot it up with all his might, and for some minutes the midnight air was filled with darting fires, while a thousand voices sang the well-known stu-

dents' Latin song, "Gaudeamus igitur." The street-arabs were, meanwhile, rushing in to seize the brands for fire-wood; but the policemen, ready with the hose, extinguished the torches. Great excitement and roars of laughter, however, were caused whenever an urchin tried to steal a torch, by the water-jet coming down full force, obliterating thief and theft at a shot. Time after time a rush was made for the brands, but from every side the irresistible water-column shot instantly along, sweeping the pavement and driving the assailants to bay. I was beside the prince and his companion throughout the scene, and nobody enjoyed it better than he. His face, like that of us all, was begrimed and black with the pitch and smoke, and all our clothes and the regulation "white gloves" were stained with resin and tar. William always entered with great zest into such games and practical jokes, and laughed heartily at the fun.

In less than half an hour all the students had washed and dressed and met in the Beethoven Hall, which was crowded to the door; the gallery being reserved for ladies. The professors and princes occupied the platform, and a hundred waiters ran hither and thither, serving the long table, with their steaming trays laden with amber-flowing beer, or with beef, bread, sauerkraut, and mustard to supply the hungry men. Songs and speeches followed. Several of the professors, the prince, and the presidents of corps, poured out their orations of loyalty to Kaiser, and country, and to the founders of the Royal University of Bonn. The drinking lasted till daybreak. Seven thousand two hundred glasses of beer were consumed that night in the hall alone!

From The Times.

A GREAT ENGINEERING WORK.

THE close of the year 1888 has witnessed the practical completion of one of the greatest engineering works of modern times—the artificial lake formed to impound the waters of the river Vyrnwy, in Montgomeryshire, and the tunnels and pipes through which the supply yielded by this lake is to be conveyed sixty-eight miles to Liverpool. The work was projected in 1877, received the sanction of Parliament in 1880, and was actually commenced in 1881. On November 28 the valves in the masonry dam were closed, and the waters were suffered to rise round

all that was left of the old Church of St. John the Baptist and the cottages in the now deserted village of Llanwddyn. The lake which is being formed is nearly four miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile to about two hundred yards, and it will have a storage capacity of twelve hundred million gallons. Provision has been made by Parliament for the return to the bed of the stream beyond the lake of a quantity of water equivalent to its ordinary fine-weather flow, and also for a return of a large quantity to the Severn; but, when these demands have been complied with, it is calculated that Liverpool will still be able to draw forty millions of gallons a day from the new reservoir thus provided for its inhabitants. The lake will be supplied from an area of seventeen thousand, five hundred and eighty-three acres of mountain land, upon which rain falls very plentifully at certain periods, inasmuch that the channel of the river during the rainy season commonly conveys a quantity of water which is one thousand times greater than the dry-weather flow. The arrest of this great excess and the reduction of the river itself to a more uniform volume will be beneficial to all the interests along its course, not only to fishermen, but also to the agriculturists whose land will for the future be relieved from the consequences of overflows. The whole of the great undertaking has been accomplished at a very moderate cost, stated by the engineer, Mr. Deacon, at £1,802,909; this sum including the purchase of the valley and other necessary land, and all the charges of construction; while the interest on the expenditure has been met, without any additional demand upon the ratepayers, by the sums paid in Liverpool itself for water which was formerly wasted, but which has been saved by a better arrangement of the service. The valley of the Vyrnwy contained but few inhabitants and a single church; and the last step prior to the closure of the valves was the removal of the materials of these buildings, and the consecration of a new church which has been erected at a convenient place as a substitute for the old one.

It is calculated by the engineer that some months will be required before the water which will collect in the new lake will be of a quality fit for domestic purposes; and he has therefore sought to avail himself of the winter rainfall, and to shut at this period of the year the outlet valves in the dam of masonry by which the lower end of the valley is closed, in

order that the lake may be full, and that the turbidity of its first supplies may have subsided, by next August, at which time it is hoped that the inhabitants of Liverpool will enter into possession of the advantages which have been secured to them. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these advantages, or the benefit, to a densely crowded population, of securing a water supply which is derived from a region whose very nature forbids the idea of contamination, and which, after the necessary preliminary straining, will be conveyed through perfectly closed channels to the persons by whom it is to be consumed. The engineer points out in his latest report, with pardonable pride, that his aqueduct will surpass in its dimensions the most celebrated of ancient times, being thirty-two miles longer than the famous Claudian aqueduct, and fifteen miles longer than the course of the Anio Novus, which, for the last six miles towards Rome, was carried by the same arches as the Aqua Claudia. Apart from the length of the aqueduct, the successful damming up of the extremity of a valley, so as to form an artificial lake of such dimensions, is a feat probably without parallel in the history of engineering; and it is one which could not have been undertaken prior to careful researches into the amount of water pressure and into the resisting power of materials. By this achievement Liverpool will be placed upon an equality, as regards its water supply, with Glasgow, which has laid Loch Katrine under contribution, and with Manchester, which is doing the same with Thirlmere; but the idea of forming a new lake by artificial means, and of thus utilizing for the service of man the enormous rainfall which is received upon the hillsides of a mountainous country, otherwise of little value, is one upon which all who have been concerned in it are fairly entitled to congratulate themselves. In the course of the sixty-seven miles of the aqueduct all manner of accessory reservoirs and other necessary structures will be provided; and the act gives power to the owners, in this case the corporation of Liverpool, to supply water over a certain belt of country on each side of their line, if circumstances should hereafter require them to do so. The construction of the channel through which the water is conveyed will differ in character with the amount of strain which will be thrown upon it in different places; and the possibility of making such a provision as this has rendered it unnecessary to maintain

this channel at anything like a uniform level. It is partly tunnelled, and partly consists of pipes buried in the ground, these being of cast iron, wrought iron, steel, or concrete, according to the differing requirements and gradients of each situation in which they are to be placed. By adopting this expedient the aqueduct will be much less costly than if it had been carried from point to point, as was done by the Romans, at an approximately equal gradient, which required for its maintenance an elaborate system of arches across valleys, and a general correction, so to speak, of the natural features of the country.

Not the least of the advantages of the new supply will be in its character. Water received directly into a mountain valley, bordered by rocky sides, and conveyed to the consumer with no other treatment than the necessary removal of earth and similar impurities, will be practically soft or rain water when it arrives at its destination, and will be much better fitted for domestic purposes than that which has percolated through strata which saturate it with salts of lime, and render it too hard to be used for many purposes without some kind of preparation. Much of the water supplied to London is unpleasantly hard, and requires to be softened by Clark's process, or in some similar manner, before it is calculated to dissolve soap, or before it is fit for the use of persons with delicate skins. At Brighton, where the waterworks are on a very large scale, tunnels being driven through the chalk to intercept springs on their way to the sea, the filtration through the chalk has conferred upon the water thus obtained an almost vicious degree of hardness, so that it requires preparation before it can be used with comfort by any who are accustomed to better things. In some other places, Clark's process is applied by the companies before the supply is distributed to consumers; and, although the results are often excellent, yet the sort of doctoring which is required is somewhat subversive of ordinary notions of the "pure element," and is calculated to place difficulties in the way of total abstainers. The supply from Vyrnwy, on the other hand, seems likely to fulfil the ideal of what water should be. It will be intercepted over an area in which no contamination can be looked upon as possible, and the slight thickness of soil through which it will percolate will be sufficient to restore its freshness, but not sufficient for it to be impregnated in an undesirable

manner with mineral ingredients. In the way of engineering enterprise, it cannot be denied that Lancashire, of late years, has been setting a grand example to other portions of the kingdom. The Mersey tunnel and the ship-canal to Manchester are works of no ordinary magnitude; and the Vyrnwy Lake, if its success in operation is as unbroken as it has been in construction, will be an undertaking which may fairly claim to rank with either of the others. Nay, more than this, by demonstrating the possibility of conveying water over long distances, it may yet solve the problem by which London must before long be confronted, of how water can be obtained for the demands of her ever-increasing area and population. The supply which can be drawn from the Thames is very limited, and it will be necessary, before many years have passed away, to see from what sources it can be increased. If the Welsh hills are made to pay tribute to Liverpool, there seems no valid reason why they should not pay a similar tribute to the metropolis.

From Longman's Magazine.

GIVING AND SAVING.

IT is desirable to know the actual practice and experience of typical savers and givers, and we shall make use of information placed at our disposal by such persons.

"The proportion of giving to any income has been broadly laid down since the days of Jacob as a tenth part or tithe, and this should surely be followed at the least. If a tenth part of all sums, however small, be put aside as the charity fund, there is always a share at hand from which to draw for giving. I will not advocate this plan on the ground that sums so saved are not felt by the giver, though to some persons I fear this might prove an inducement; I advocate it on the higher ground that a certain sum is thus obtained which is available for supplying the wants of others.

"For what precise purposes 'the charity purse' is to be opened must rest with the conscience of the giver. It would not be fair to pay the poor-rate, or to give a semi-compulsory subscription, from that fund. Charity must always begin at home, and in most families there is ample scope for giving by helping relations, either as to the education of children, or to the providing for holidays and temporary pauses

from business cares. Much more might often be done by supplying small wants and small luxuries to people who are in that distressing form of want known as 'genteel poverty.' The prosperous man too often neglects the small gift or small help, just because it is so small as to appear to himself too insignificant to give; either he does not think of it at all, or, from a sort of mistaken pride, he scruples to offer the little present which would give so much pleasure to the less flourishing recipient."

"Saving," writes another person, "may be a virtue or a mere instinct—all depends on the prompting motive. The love of hoarding is justly accounted a contemptible trait of character, since it originates mainly from a selfish desire to concentrate on self all worldly possessions, great and small, and an utter want of that desire to share with others which is shown by mere infants in arms. Selfishness is the common cause of reckless spending and excessive hoarding, and it is no doubt unselfishness clothed in a varied garb which finds the happy mean between extravagance and parsimony. With very many men and women their charities are a just measure of their self-denial, not of the self-denial of asceticism so much as of that constant unrelenting checking of needless expenditure, which, though difficult to acquire, becomes so much a habit as to be scarcely a conscious effort. Nobody who has not tried it is aware of the great results to be unostentatiously achieved by steady perseverance in the determination not to fritter money away. This is a very different matter from parsimony; indeed, it is this alone which makes large-handed expenditure on due occasion possible. A further point to be considered with regard to saving, is that it should not be carried out, unless absolutely necessary, at the expense of the pleasure and comfort of those who are to have no share of the accumulated profit, but have a right to have their advantage considered. A man may have a right to stint himself of comforts and even necessities if he prefers to employ in other directions the money thus saved, but he has no right to deny his wife, his children, his servants, their proper comforts and luxuries, that he may buy old china or rare books."

From another source we receive the following information:—

"The common rule to set aside a tenth part of income for almsgiving is neither

an adequate nor a just measure of duty. When the income is barely sufficient for the wants of the household, to stint a man's family in order to give is not the 'perfect way.' On the other hand, when the income is more than adequate to the fair requirements of his family, a man ought not nicely to calculate, and stop at the tenth part when he can relieve want and misery. The first point to be kept in view is, not to spend on our own luxuries, and to give the money thus saved to those who are without even the necessities of life. The second point is to bear in mind that the 'tenth part' is not represented always or altogether by a money payment. Time, thought, advice, a gracious visit, a very simple but peculiarly suitable gift, are forms of charity far more acceptable than the hard, monotonous mode of cash payment."

"The clergy of the Anglican Church," writes a layman, make a rule of giving the 'minimum' sum of a tenth of their incomes, private and professional combined; and though this sum may be often exceeded, it is rarely decreased. Now that pluralities are things of the past, no married parson with a family, however small, can succeed in saving out of his income from the Church. Very few attempt it; by far the largest number are content either to leave their widows and children destitute, relying upon the ravens, or to insure their lives and keep up their premiums from their benefices. The extent to which this latter form of saving is practised among parsons is very great. Most parsons carry the practice of not letting the right hand know what the left hand does to the extent of keeping no accounts; if the wife keeps the purse she applies the principle to her husband."

There is a certain vagueness in these statements. A tenth part may be ten per cent. of the gross or ten per cent. of the net income; as in the returns for the income-tax, incomes may be placed in different schedules for the charity purse, and dealt with accordingly. Time, trouble, thought, also admit of different rates of contribution when they are the form charity takes. The great physician gives an hour a day to poor patients; his less flourishing colleague can only give an hour a week. But I will not attempt the task of adjusting the balance between saving and giving. I only aspire to direct the attention of some readers to the subject.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

The New-York Observer says:—

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

The Watchman, Boston, says:—

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here; and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the *Living Age*. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

The Living Church, Chicago, says:—

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

The New-York Tribune says:—

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

The Times, Philadelphia, says:—

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

The North American, Philadelphia, says:—

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Richmond Whig says:—

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

The Albany Argus says:—

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